

*J. Cleaveland* Revived:

# POEMS,

ORATIONS,  
EPISTLES,

And other of his Genuine  
Incomparable Pieccs.

With some other Exquisite Remains of  
most eminent Wits of both the Univer-  
sities that were his Contemporaries.

This Fourth Edition, besides many other ne-  
ver before publisht Additions, is enrich-  
ed with the Authors *Midsummer-*  
*Moon*, or *Lunacy-Rampant*.

Being an University Character, a short survey of  
some of the late fellows of the Colledges.

Now at last publisht from his Original Co-  
pies by some of his intrusted Friends.

---

*Non norunt hæc monumenta mori.*

---

London, Printed for Nathaniel Brooks, at the  
Angell in Gresham Colledge, 1668.

W. Cleveland & Co. Printed

# FORMS

## ORATIONS EPISTLES

And other of the same  
Incomparable Poets



Printed at the University of Toronto  
by W. Cleveland & Co. 1827

This is to certify that the above  
book is the property of the  
University of Toronto

Given to the University of Toronto  
by the Hon. the Attorney General

W. Cleveland & Co. Printed

1827

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1827





## To the Reader.

who received him courteously, and satisfied his enquiries; as concerning the Papers that were left in his custody, more particularly of the Treaty at *Uxbridge*. That it was not finish'd, nor any of his other Papers fit for the Press. They were offer'd to the judicious consideration of one of the most accomplished persons of our Age, he refusing to have them in any further examination, as he did not conceive that they could be publish'd without some injury to Mr. *Cleveland*; from which time they have remained sealed and lockt up: neither can I wonder at this Obstruction, when I consider the disturbances our Author met with in the time of the Siege, how scarce and bad the Paper was, the Ink hardly to be discerned on it; the intimacy I had with Mr. *Cleveland* before and since these civil Wars, gained most of these Papers from him, it being not the least of his misfortunes, out of the love he had to pleasure his friends, to be unfurnisht with his own Manuscripts, as I have heard him say often, *He was not so happy as to have any considerable Collection of his own Papers, they being dispersed amongst his friends*

## To the Reader.

friends; some whereof when he writ for them, he had no other answer, *But that they were lost, or through the often reading, transcribing, or folding of them, worn to pieces;* so that though he knew where he formerly bestowed some of them, yet they were not to be regained; for which reason the Poems he had left in his hands, being so few, and of so small a Volume, he could not (though he was often solicited with honor to himself) give his consent to the publishing of them, though indeed most of his former printed Poems were truly his own, except such as have been lately added, to make up the Volume; at the first some few of his Verses were printed with a Character of the *London Diurnal*, a sticht Pamphlet in *Quarto*: Afterwards, as I have heard Mr. *Clearveland* say, the Copies of Verses that he communicated to his friends, the Book-seller by chance meeting with them, being added to his Book, they sold him another impression; in like manner such small additions (though but a paper or two of his incomparable Verses or Prose) posted off other Editions, whereas this Edition hath the happi-

## To the Reader.

ness to flourish with the Remainder of Mr. *Cleavelands* last never before printed *Pieces*. I acknowledge I receiv'd many of these last new printed *Papers* from one of Mr. *Cleavelands* near acquaintance, which when I sent to his, ever to be honoured, friend of *Grays-Inn*, he had not at that time the liesure to peruse them; but for what he had read of them, he told the person I intrusted, That he did believe them to be *Mr. Cleavelands*, he having formerly spoken of such *Papers* of his, that were abroad in the hands of his friends, whom he could not remember: My intention was to reserve the Collection of these *Manuscripts* for my own private use; but finding many of those, I had in my hands, already publisht in the former *Poems*, not knowing what further proceedings might attend the forwardnesse of the *Préss*, I thought my self concerned, not out of any unworthy ends of profit, but out of a true affection to my deceased friend, to publish these his other *Pieces* in *Latine* and *English*, and to make this to be like a volume for the study. Some other *Poems* are intermixed, such as the Reader shall find to be  
of

## To the Reader.

of such persons as were for the most part Mr. *Cleavelands* Contemporaries; some of them no less eminently known to the three Nations. I hope the world cannot be so far mistaken in his *Genuine Muse*, as not to discern his Pieces from any of the other Poems; neither can I believe there are any persons so unkind, as not candidly to entertain the heroick fancies of the other Gentlemen that are worthily placed to live in this Volume; some of their Poems, contrary to my expectation- I being at such a distance, were before in print, but in this third Edition I have crossed them out, onely reserving those that were excellently good, and never before extant. the Reader (I hope) will the more freely accept them. Thus having ingenuously satisfied thee in these particulars, I shall not need to insert more; but that I have to present surreptitious Editions, publish this Collection; that by erecting this Pyramid of Honour, I might oblige posterity to perpetuate their Memories, which is the highest ambition of him, who is,

Newark, Nov.  
21. 1658

*Tours in all virtuous endeavours,*  
E. Williamf n.



# A N E L E G Y

In Memory of  
Mr. John Cleaveland.

Soon as a Verse with feet as swift as thought,  
The stabbing News of Cleaveland's Death  
had brought  
To sad *Parnassus*, the distracted Nine  
First in a dismal shriek their Voices joyn :  
Which the fork't-*Hill* did Eccho twice, and then  
Each eye seem'd chang'd into an *Hippocrene* ;  
As if like *Niobe* 'twere their intent  
To weep themselves into his *Monument* :  
Nor did their grief exceed their Loss ; his Quill  
More love and honour gain'd to th' *Muses* skill.  
Then all those *Modern Factions* of Wit,  
Such as 'gainst *Gondibert*. or for him writ ;  
And such, whom their *Rhymes* so much do affect  
To be esteem'd o'th *Court* or *Colledge* Sects ; (hold,  
Whose Lines with *Cleavelands*, such proportion  
As the *New-Court*, and *Colledges*, with th' Old :  
How lofty was his Strain ? Yet clear and eaven,  
The Center of's Conceptions was *Heaven* :  
'Twas not his *Muses* toyl, but ease to soar,  
He writ so high, 'cause he could write no lower ;  
And though the *World* in *English Poetry*,  
No *Monarch* knew so absolute as *He* ;

Yet

## *Elegies on J. Cleaveland.*

Yet did he ne'r *Excize* the *Natives* ; nor  
Made *Forreign Mines* unto his *Mint* bring Oar.  
He, his own *Treasure* was ; and as no *Quill*  
Was Guide to his, so shall his *Verse* be still  
Un-imitated by the best ; and free  
From meaner *Poets Petty-larceny* :  
That *Plagiary* that can filch but one  
Concept from *Him*, & keep the *Theft* unknown,  
At Noon from *Phæbus*, may by the same sleight  
Steal *Beams*, and make 'em pass for his own *Light*.  
W. W.

---

*An Elegy, offered to the Memory of that Incomparable Son of Apollo, Mr. John Cleaveland.*

**G**Rief the Souls Sables, in my bosom lies  
A true Close-mourner at thy Obsequies,  
Whilst tears in floods from my o're-charg'd eyes  
With grief to drown the little world of man. (ran  
He that survives this Losse, may justly say,  
His Soul doth pennance in a sheet of Clay,  
And rather welcome Death, than patient sit  
To solemnize the Funeral of Wit.

The Painter *Agamenons* face did screen,  
Drawing the Sacrifice of *Iphigene*,  
To shew his grieved looks as well as heart,  
Did far transcend the humble reach of Art ;  
So when all's said, that can be said, we find  
There's nothing said, to what he left behind.

But his all-searching soul scorning to be  
Confin'd to th' limits of Mortality.

Shook



## Elegies on J. Cleaveland.

Shook off its clog of flesh, that ponderous mass,  
His Spirit freer than his Countrey was ;  
For Fate his Life might circumscribe and bound,  
But in his Circle Wit, no end is found.  
His Wit, Oh Miracle ! (for who is he  
Dares name his Wit without an Extasie ? )  
That Wit which was to several Tenants let,  
In him as in their proper Landlord met ;  
For what in others petty sparks was found,  
In him's contracted as one Diamond :  
His rayes ne're darkened, but with lustre wun,  
He with his Eagle-eyes out-star'd the Sun :  
He was a fountain, whose pure stream did grow  
Unbounded, never us'd to ebb, but flow,  
As ever new, still streaming fresh delights,  
And never so low drawn, as to run whites ;  
For in Discourse his Wit did never rest,  
When others were aground with one dry jest :  
Nor did his meagre looks proclaim that he  
Did pine in study for his Poetry,  
Like such pale Apparition's ghost-like elves,  
That fatten paper, and yet starve themselves,  
Whose *Pirreskean* Pictures seem to be  
Diseas'd, with time decay'd Antiquity ;  
Though for his strongest Lines in Verse & Prose  
He travel'd hard, yet he no flesh did lose :  
In others what comparatively's found,  
In him superlatively did abound :  
No Vice the anger of his Pen could slip,  
Who did whole Nations to Repentance whip.

His

## *Elegies on J. Cleaveland.*

His honest Soul in Consultation sate,  
Unmasking Vices, both of Church and State:  
It was not power, but justice made him write;  
No ends could *May-like*, turn him Parasite.  
The Cause by Candles-end he did not rate,  
When others Pens did Truth assassinate :  
By danger heightned, and made nobly fierce,  
Nor was his Prose lesse biting than his Verse.  
His Rebel *Scot*, was not a smarter Saryre,  
Than his Diurnal, and Diurnal-maker :  
He made the Devil blacker ; drest in white,  
Proving the Zelot the worst Hypocrite,  
Pulling the Veil from the Reformers face ;  
He left the Rebel to supply his place.  
(Hethat affirm'd 'gainst sense) snow black to be,  
Might prove it by this Amphybologie :  
Things are not what they seem, we may suppress  
Some Crimes, and raise the Devils Holiness.  
The Presbyterian he did un-nest,  
With the whole kennel o'th' two-footed Beast,  
Fed with the Bishops and the Clergies blood,  
Right *Canabals* that made the Church their food.  
The Senate *Sir Johns* appetite did prove,  
And paid him part of his Arrears in *Love*.  
The barbarous Scots are stigmatiz'd by him,  
For their Rebellion, our Apostate *Pim* :  
Nay, the just Fury of his Pen had thrown  
The Nation too into oblivion,  
Had not the fam'd *Montros* put's anger by,  
Rais'd th' *Highlands* higher in their Loyalty ;  
And

## *Elegies on J. Cleaveland.*

And *Rupertissimus*, consecrated wars,  
By giving *Smec* so many hideous scars.

*J. M.*

---

*An Elegy on Mr. Cleaveland, and his Verses  
on Smectimus.*

**P**OOR Dablers all bemir'd, that spur their *lank*  
*Pegasus*, from shoulder to the flank,  
When weather-beaten in a shower of Sack,  
Jogg still as things bejaded ride in black,  
Who t'reach the Muses seat, lash and put on,  
But fall short, and draw Bit at *Trumpington* :  
See with what pangs they labour, and produce  
A still-born Poem, and then hug their *Muse*.  
Others like Chymists thrive, who fain would win  
By force what God and Nature ne're put in,  
Yet these bear name and voice : the smallest *Boat*  
Appears if in the narrow *Thames* it float,  
But vanisheth away in the vaste Main,  
Which was before the Rivers Sovereign :  
Such was the fate of my weak Streams, that ran  
To drown themselves in th' unbound Ocean,  
And lose their name in *His*, to whom the *Nine*  
Bow down, and render up their sacred shrine.  
We poor Retainers angle for a thin  
Fancy, his like a Drag-net sweeps all in ;  
And as Gold-drivers that make spangles rare,  
Do beat the yielding mortal into air :  
As Generals in war their strength contrive,  
To make three troops of men seem more than five  
*We*

## Elegies on J. Cleaveland.

We practice frugal wit, and play't at length;  
In sleek & smoothest numbers without strength.  
**H**is like the swift sure Ship is firmly built,  
Of deepest bottom, and most stately gilt,  
If number wants there, as in ruins, th' face  
Though rough, betrays the treasure of the place.  
We strugling, words into their fetters frame,  
As Printers use to fit and joyn the same.  
**H**is large Commands have all in power to chuse,  
And 'tis the greatest labour to refuse:  
We seldom shoot to make some glimpse of day,  
**H**is thick as *Atomes* in the Sun-shine play;  
And therefore (Sir) just is the Accusation  
You'r charg'd with, this strong Accumulation  
Subverts the Fundamentals, 'tis your crime  
**T'** upbraide the State Poeticks of this time  
With wit so insolent, though *Phæbus* be  
The Pleader, our notes n'er shall set you free,  
For *Smec* 'tis sure the conquest all is mine.  
See how the Vipers through the Amber shine,  
And bravely carv'd, as Indians joy to see  
Themselves so cut, although in imagery.  
And tell me when *Domitian* slew the Fly,  
Did he deserve the Laurel Victory?  
Had brawny *Hercules* the *Hydra* slain,  
So much beneath his strength, wer't not a stain  
To all his former labours, and a brand,  
Such as to melt with Distaff in his hand?  
'Twas *Smec*'s ambition (Sir) thus to stand high,  
And be conspicuous, though o'th' Pillory:

Then

## E L E G I E S.

Then as you love Religion surcease,  
 For now the Knaves begin themselves to please.  
 Since they'r vouchsaf'd the Pen, the monstrous fry  
 Like Serpents with fair speckles strike the eye.  
 I've seen a Toad by curious art so drest,  
 Ladies have hugg'd the venom in their brest:  
 Forbear hereafter, *Vice*, to paint so well,  
 Such draughts may hap t'enlarge the pow'r of hel.  
 Since writ by *Ben*, inspir'd by lusty wine,  
 We love *Sejanus*, and bold *Cataline*.

---

*The Elegy made upon Mr. J. Cleaveland's Death,  
 cryed i'th' Streets, he being then in a good dis-  
 position of Health.*

**H**E whom the *Muses* have forbid to dye  
 Durst *Ignorance* (Arts Enemy) bely,  
 To Rhime him dead? She as well might say,  
 That he like other men was common Clay;  
 Or that his Soul had nothing in it higher,  
 Than poor *Promethean* Poets, meer stoln fire.  
 But when His shall disrobe it self, it shall be se'd,  
 He's gone to sleep alone in *Fames* high Bed,  
 B'ing both the Nations, and the *Muses* Wonder,  
 Where all Poeticks else may truckle under;  
 For 'tis impossible Him to entomb,  
 For whose Fam'd-Name all *Brittains* Isles want  
 room.

J. Parry.

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### *J. Cleaveland Reviv'd.*

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#### *Upon the KINGS Re- turn from Scotland.*

(hence

**R**eturn'd, I'll ne'r believ't, first prove him  
 Kings travel by their beams and influence.  
 Who says, the Soul gives out her guests, or go's  
 A fitting progress 'twixt the head and toes?  
 She rules by omnipresence, and shall we  
 Deny a Prince the same ubiquity?  
 Or grant he want, and cause their knot was slack,  
 Girt both the Nations with his Zodiack:  
 Yet as the Tree at once both upward shoots,  
 And just as much grows downward to the roots;  
 So at the same time that he posted thither,  
 By counter-stages he rebounded hither.  
 Hither and hence at once; thus every Sphere  
 Doth by a double motion enter-fere:  
 And when his Native form inclines him East,  
 By the first mover he is ravish't West,  
 Have you not seen how the divided Dam  
 Runs to the summons of her hungry Lamb?

But when the twin cries halves, she quits the first,  
 Natures *Commendum* must be likewise nurst.  
 So were his journeyes, like the Spiders spun  
 Out of his bowels of Compassion,  
 Two Realms, like *Cacus* so his steps transpose,  
 His feet still contradict him as he goes.  
*England's* return'd, that was a barren soil;  
 The bullet flying makes the gun recoil:  
 Death's but a separation, though indors'd  
 With Spade and Javelin, we were thus divorc'd;  
 Our soul hath taken wing, while we express  
 The corps returning to our principles.  
 But the Crab-tropick must not now prevail,  
 Islands go back, but when you're under sail;  
 So his retreat hath rectify'd the wrong:  
 Backward is forward in the Hebrew Tongue.  
 Now the Church Militant in plenty rests,  
 Nor fears, like th' Amazon, to lose her breasts:  
 Her means are safe, not squeez'd until the blood  
 Mix with the milk and choke the tender brood.  
 She that hath been the floating Ark, is that  
 She, that's now seated on mount Ararat. (thus,  
 Quits *Charls*, our souls did guard him northward  
 Now he the Counterpane comes South to us.

---

*News from Newcastle : Or, Newcastle Coal-pits.*

**E**ngland's a perfect World, hath *Indies* too,  
 Correct your Maps, *Newcastle* is *Pern*!  
 Let the haughty Spaniard triumph till 'tis told,  
 Our sooty Minerals purifie his Gold:

This



This will sublime, and hatch the abortive Oar,  
 When the Sun tires, and Stars can do no more.  
 No Mines are currant, unrefin'd and gross,  
 Coals make the Sterling, Nature but the dross.  
 For mettals, *Bacchus* like, two births approve,  
 Heaven heats the *Semele*, and ours the *Jove*.  
 Thus Art doth polish Nature, 'tis the Trade,  
 So every Madam, hath her Chamber-maid.  
 Who'd dote on Gold, a thing so strange and odd,  
 'Tis most contemptible when made a god.  
 All sin and mischief hence have rise and swell,  
 One *India* more would make another hell.  
 Our Mines are innocent, nor will the North  
 Tempt poor mortality with too much worth.  
 They'r not so precious, rich enough to fire  
 A Lover, yet make none Idolater.  
 The moderate value of our guiltless Oar,  
 Makes no man Atheist, nor no woman whore.  
 Yet why should hallow'd Vestals sacred shrine,  
 Deserve more honour than a flaming Mine?  
 These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,  
 Than a few embers for a Deity.  
 Had he our *Pits*, the *Persian* would admire  
 No Sun, but warm's devotion at our fire:  
 He'd leave the trotting whiplster, and prefer  
 Our profound *Vulcan* above that *Wagoner*.  
 For wants he heat? or light? or would have store  
 Or both? 'tis here: and what can Suns give more?  
 Nay, what's the Sun, but in a different name,  
 A Coal-pit rampant, or a Mine on Flame?

Then let this truth reciprocally run,  
 The Sun's Heaven's Coalery, and Coals our Sun;  
 A Sun that scorchieth not, lockt up i'th' deep,  
 The Lions chang'd, the Bandog is a sleep.  
 That Tyrant *Fire*, which uncontroul'd doth rage,  
 Here's calm and hush't, like *Bajazet* i'th' Cage;  
 For in each *Coal-pit* there doth couchant dwell,  
 A muzzled *Ætna*, or an innocent *Hell*:  
 Kindle the cloud, you'll lightning then descry,  
 Then will a day break from the gloomy sky,  
 Then you'll unbottom, though *December* blow,  
 And sweat i'th' midst of icicles and snow,  
 The Dog-daies then at *Christmas*: thus is all  
 The year made *June*, and Equinoctial.  
 If heat offends, our *Pits* affords us shade,  
 Thus Summer's Winter, Winter's Summer made  
 What need we baths? what need we bower, or  
 A *Coal-Pit* both a Ventiduct and Stove. (grove?  
 Such *Pits* and Caves were Palaces of old,  
 Poor Inns (God wot) yet in an age of gold, (sign,  
 And what would now be thought a strange de-  
 To build a house was then to undermine:  
 People liv'd under ground, and happy dwellers,  
 Whose jovial habitations were all Cellars:  
 These primitive Times were innocent, for then  
 Man who turn'd after Fox, made but his den.

But see a Fleet of Vitals trim and fine,  
 To court the rich *Infanta* of our Mine,  
 Hundreds of Grim *Leanders* do confront,  
 For this lov'd *Hero*, the loud *Hellisport*.

'Tis

'Tis an Armado Royal doth engage  
 For some new *Hellen*, with this equipage :  
 Prepared too, should we their Addressees bar,  
 To force this Mistris with a ten years war ;  
 But that our Mine's a common good, a joy,  
 Made not to ruine, but enrich our *Troy*.  
 But oh ! these bring it with them, and conspire  
 To pawn that Idol for our Smoke and Fire.  
 Silver's but Ballast, this they bring on shore,  
 That they may treasure up our better Oar :  
 For this they venture Rocks and Storms, desie  
 All the extremity of Sea and Skie.  
 For the glad purchase of this precious mould,  
 Cowards dare Pyrats, Misers part with Gold ;  
 Hence is it when the doubtful Ship sets forth,  
 The naving Needle still directs it North,  
 And Nature's secret wonder to attest,  
 Our *Indies* worth discards both *East* and *West*  
 For *Tine* : Not onely fire commends this spring,  
 A *Coal-pit* is a Mine of every thing.  
 We sink a Jack of all Trades, shop and sound,  
 An inverse Burse, an Exchange under ground.  
 This *Proteus* Earth converts to what you'l ha'r,  
 Now you may weat'r to Silk, now com't to Plate,  
 And what's a Metamorphosis more dear,  
 Dissolve it, and 'twill turn to *London Beer* ;  
 For whatsoe'r that Gawdy City boast,  
 Each moneth doth drive to our attractive Coast.  
 We shall exhaust their Chamber, and devour  
 Their Treasures of *Guild-hall*, & Mint o' th' *Tower*.

Our *Stairs* their morgag'd streets will soon de-  
 Blazon their *Cornhill-stella* share *Cheapside*: (ride  
 Thus shall our *Coal-pits* charity and pity,  
 At distance undermine and fire the City.  
 Should we exact, they'd pawn their wives, & treat,  
 To swop those Coolers, for our Sovereign heat.  
 'Bove Kisses and Embraces Fire controles,  
 No *Venus* heightens like a peck of Coals.  
*Medea* was the drugge of some old Sire,  
 And *Æsons* Bath a lusty Sea-coal fire.  
 Chimneys are old mens mistresses, their Inns,  
 A moddern Dalliance with their meazled shins.  
 To all defects a Coal-heap gives a Cure,  
 Gives youth to age, and raiment to the poor.  
 Pride first wore clothes, Nature disdains attire,  
 She made us naked, 'cause she gave us fire.  
 Full *Wharfs* are wardrobes, and the *Taylor's* charm  
 Belongs to th' Collier, he must keep us warm.  
 The Quilted Alderman in all's array,  
 Finds but cold comfort in a frosty day,  
 Girt, wrapt, and muffled, yet with all this stir,  
 Scarce warm, when smother'd in his drousie Fur,  
 Not proof against keen Winters Batteries,  
 Should he himself wear all's own Liveries,  
 But chil-blain under silver spurs bewails,  
 And in embroidered Buck-skins blows his nails.  
 Rich meadows & full crops are elsewhere found,  
 We can Reap harvest from our barren ground.  
 The bald parcht hills that circumscribe our *Tine*,  
 Are no less pregnant in their hungry Mine.

Their

Their unfledg'd tops so well content our pallats,  
 We envy none their Nose-gays and their Sallats.  
 A gay rank soyl like a young gallant grows,  
 And spends it self that it may wear fine clothes,  
 Whilest all its worth is to its back confined,  
 Our wear's plain out-side, but is richly lined.  
 Winters above, 'tis Summer underneath,  
 A trusty Morglay in a rusty sheath.

As precious fables sometimes interlace  
 A wretched Serge or Grogane Cassock case:  
 Rocksown no spring, are pregnant w<sup>th</sup> no showrs  
 Chrystals and Gems are there instead of flowers.  
 Instead of Roses, beds of Rubies sweet,  
 And Emeraulds recompence the Violet.  
 Dame Nature, not like other Madams, wears  
 (Where she is bare) pearls in her breasts and ears  
 What though our fields present a naked sight,  
 A Paradise should be an Adamite?  
 The Northern Lad his bonny Lass throws down,  
 And gives her a black Bag for a green Gown.

---

*On the Inundation of the River Trent : The Scene  
 Mascham and Holme, two opposite Villages on  
 the River side near Newark.*

**W**hen heirs and widows hoarding up  
 fresh supplies.  
 Bottle up tears wrung from St. *Swithins* eyes,  
 And the Hydropick Planets empty all  
 Their experiments into their Urinal,  
 With

With Levies of Auxiliaries, sent  
 From lesser Rivers to rendezvouz in *Trent*.  
 It makes an insurrection, and to pillage,  
 Quarters its Rebel-forces in each Village.  
 All objects the Inundation spreads so far,  
 (Like the eye) but aggregates of waters are.  
 In this *Dencalian*-wrack let me intreat  
*Parnassus* for to be my *Ararat*,  
 And pump a while before the Flood be gone,  
 What? so much water, and no *Helicon*?  
 Swans sing and dye, so Poets Floods inspire,  
 These glib *Hydriaclicks*, water is their fire.  
 Come neighbors, let's condole what will betide us  
*Mascham* and *Holm*, or *Cestus* and *Abidos*,  
 The jealous River now no more will pander,  
 Between our *Heroes* and the lov'd *Leander*.  
 Help! *Xerxes*! help! now *Hellspont* disdains  
 Its fetters; see, it's loose, and we in chains,  
 Took prisoners, and our durance such will be,  
 When Land appears, a Goal-delivery.  
*Newgate* or *Woodstreet*'s not a closer stay,  
 Rocks but immure them there, and us the sea.  
 And what's the difference pray? resolve us what  
 Betwixt a Counter—and a Water-Rat?  
 We must confess confin'd to Boats and Waves.  
 There's no Captivity to Gally-slaves.  
 And though we hear no storms nor billows roar,  
 We cannot stir unlesse we tugg at Oar.  
 Our Scene's translated, Fate will have it so,  
 We live in *Venice* now or *Mexico*.

Or

Or *Amsterdam*, our Parlors so in pickle,  
Enough to make those in't a Conventickle,  
Petty wrackt strangers, tost we know not whither  
*Holm! Holm in England!* oh Sirs shew us thither.  
Yet sure 'tis *England* still, no other Nation  
Can shew so much Land under sequestration.  
All's swallowed up and drown'd, our Fifts, & all,  
Something sweeps worse than *Haberdaßers-hall*.  
A guilty Tap-house feels the Floods assault,  
(Murder will out) & it had drown'd much mault,  
Must now it self be duckt by this just Tide,  
Because it stood so nigh the Water-side.  
See the tenth wave into the house is tost,  
And dubs a Captain Otter of mine host,  
Who with a file of bowzing Comrades there,  
Resolve still not to leave their *Dover* Peer:  
Thus fixt, they drink until their Noses shine,  
A Constellation in this Watry sign,  
Which they *Aquarius* call; for by degrees  
Each man perceives himself took up to th' knees,  
Yet still they and the Flood do brimmers vye,  
At last it sobs, and thus they drink him dry:  
But these the spongie leeches of the town,  
Amphibious were, good drinkers cannot drown:  
We puny Dablers are as ill beset,  
We whose unliquor'd hides will turn no wet,  
The Floods a tenant too, until't retreats,  
Great rooms are Oceans, and the lesser Straights.  
Tongues are confounded in a various stile,  
Our computation runs by th' league, not mile.  
How

How soon the earth dissolv'd, so soon that some,  
 That journeyed out, will make a voyage home.  
 They go aboard their dwellings, and embarque,  
 Houses are Ships, and Newark's a Noah's Ark.  
 The Cook mistakes his floating seigniories  
 For sound, and so takes impost in his Fees.  
 Some truck for Rumps & Kidneys, he and's spouse  
 Call them the Farmers of the Custom-house;  
 Now bedfellows do one another greet  
 I'th Saylor's phrase, *Vere, vere, more sheet.*  
 Women are Syrens, for the wise man wears,  
 When they strike up their *Ela's*, wax in's ears,  
 Whose fate is yet peculiar in this Flood,  
 To scape the water and retain the mud.  
 The inseperable scum is so increast,  
 Another Flood will not makes all clean beast,  
 Yet still their scene & their complexion's right,  
 (Place them but where they paint the devil white)  
 Our townsmen, since of floods, they must turn  
 Skippers,  
 Wil change their religion too, & so turn Dippers.  
 Now they dispute, & no small doubts propound,  
 Some say the Meadows swim, some say they'r  
 drown'd;  
 And 'tis disputed whether yea or no,  
 They are ground chambers still that overflow,  
 Their *Hay* is gone, and some the question start,  
 How't could be fetcht away without a Cart?  
 But these submit to the rest of learned team,  
 Who strongst conclude, it went away with stream  
 At



At last it is observ'd by all the Sages,  
 Who e're set it on work, they pay the wages :  
 One hotspur storms & swears that he and's faction  
 Will sue the flood, Trespass will bear an Action,  
 Then thought on's Landlord, whom he fears hath  
 His *Water-Bayliff* thus to drive for Rent. (sent  
 Haycocks to sea are driven, where they'l muster,  
 And make of *Scylla* Isles another Cluster,  
 Till vamt with more such wracks, they grow a  
 For some *Columbus* new Discoveries. (prize  
 The stakes stand firm, though batter'd al the while  
 These Pyramids are proof against this *Nile*,  
 And might like *Egypt's* Piles enjoy a prime,  
 Wer't but for fiercer teeth than those of Time.  
 What neither floods nor age can beasts will tear,  
 Our beasts now starved lean, like *Pharaohs* are.  
 Strange Skellitons, for all the time of flood,  
 They nothing had to chew but their own cud,  
 And since alas, no work for Sythe or Sicle,  
 (Poor Cattle) all their commons are in pickle.  
 This sure must needs produce a chap-faln pallat,  
 When without meat they onely feed on fallat;  
 But these we prize, for most are sail'd away,  
 Who knows but to stock *Hispaniola*.  
 One herd & 's flock in one kind hill found mercy,  
 Like *Lilburn* (and his wool) in the Isle of *Jersey*.  
 A Barber's close, yet all would counter-bayl,  
 Steept till the Corn grew Mault, and Water Ale.  
 Had we the *Gotham* policy and luck to  
 Hedge in the Water, as they did the Cucko,  
 But

But oh ! it soon retreats, and the ebb is more  
 Disastrous to us than the flood before.  
 The fifth day lands us, shews each man his ground  
 But so much s<sup>l</sup>ime, we can't see ground for ground  
 The Flood's a single Tyrant, Bogs allow  
 No scape : water and earth both vex us now,  
 Till the Sun our Low-countries purge, and then  
 Out-Drink a *Dutchman* draining of a Fen :  
 Till then our *Trent* is *Acharon*, we dwell  
 I'th *Stygian-Lake*, the Netherlands are hell. (ter;  
*Rivers* are *Nymphs* they say, something's the mat-  
 Then sure with ours, she cannot hold her water,  
 Unless the Gossip, (th' room's so all on a float )  
 Went drunk to bed, and spilt her chamber-pot ;  
 How'er, since we're deliver'd let there be,  
 From this Flood too, another *Epochæe*.

---

For Sleep.

**R**eturn Grief's *Antidote*, soft Sleep return,  
 Why do't thy blithe Embrace adjourn ?  
 Once more this *Garrison* of *Sense* surround,  
 It's wilde exorbitances Pound ;  
 Lock the *Cinque-Ports*, the *Centinels* arraign,  
 Make fractions in the *Royal-Train*.  
 2. Sleep ! the Souls *Charter*, Bodies writ of *Ease*,  
 Reasons *Reprieve*, Fancies *Release* ;  
 The Senses *Non-term*, Life's serenest shore ;  
 A smooth-fac'd Death, thick candid o're :  
*Catastrophe* of Care, *Time*'s balmy close,  
 The Muses *Eden* and *Repose*.

3. Sleep

3. Sleep! the Days *Centre*, Nights *Meridian*,  
 Bright *Meteor* in the *Sphere* of Man;  
 A *Grand Dictator* in the womb of Death,  
 Whilst the still returning Breath  
 Sails through fears, tears, and Joys at once,  
 With quick *Reciprocations*.
4. Sleep! The firm *cement* of unravel'd hours,  
 Night usher'd with *Ambrosial* showres;  
 Dayes *Phylactery* with her *spangles* crown'd,  
 Fancy snatch't up at first rebound:  
 Fancies *Exchequer*, Natures younger Son,  
*Times* other *Jubilee* begun. (born
5. Sleep! the Worlds *Evensong*, Natures *Anthem*  
 between the lips of *Night* and *Morn*;  
 Heaven in a *Masque*, Sunday's *Parhelion*,  
*Preface* to th' *Resurrection*:  
*Nepenthe* kissing out the wheeling light;  
 Darkness *emparadiz'd*: Good night.

*Against Sleep.*

**B**E gone Joy's *Lethargy*, pale fiend, be gone;  
 Why this dull *Fascination*?  
 No more Life's *Cittadel* invade, no more,  
 Ravish its *Sallies* o're and o're;  
 Gag the broad gates, the *Court of Guard* *Essoyn*,  
 At these disjoyned thoughts rejoyne.

2. Sleep! the Souls *Wardship*, but the Bodies *Goal*,  
 Reason's *Assassine*, Fancies *Bayl*;  
 The Sences *Curfew*, Life and loyal breath  
 Minc't small, and blended into death:

Joy

- Joys *Explicite*, unfathom'd *Gulf* of time,  
 The Muses *Fence*, and frozen *Clime*.  
 3. Sleep! the Night's *Winter*, shadow of a Dream,  
 A dark *Fog rampant*, Horror's *Theme* ;  
*Free Denizen* of Darkness, Blissess wane,  
 An untrim'd *Chaos*, Beauties bane ;  
 Youth's *Scpulchre*, a *Parallel* to Age,  
 A *Negro* fills Life's *second page*.  
 4. Sleep! the Days *Colon*, many hours of bliss  
 Lost in a wide *Parenthesis* :  
 Life in an *extasie*, bound hand and foot,  
 Spirits entomb'd, and *Time* to boot ;  
 The *Trump* of Solitude, a sprightly *Flame*,  
 Smother'd in fables and made lame.  
 5. Sleep! the worlds *Limbo*, *Nature's* discord day,  
 Because a *Mourner*, hurl'd away ;  
 Hell pav'd with *Doun*, a *Purgatory* skreen'd,  
 Death's *Counterpane* mixed with a fiend ;  
 Half time ecclip'st, & tinctur'd black as sorrow,  
 Light *dungeon'd*, mianacled : Good morrow.

---

*On a little Gentleman profoundly learned.*

**M**akes Nature maps ? since that in thee  
 Sh' has drawn an *Univerlity*,  
 Or strives she in so small a piece,  
 To sum the Arts and Sciences ?  
 Once she writ onely *Text-hand*, when  
 She scribled gyants, and no men :  
 But now in her decrepit years  
 She dashes dwarfs in characters,

And

And makes one single farthing bear  
 The Creed, Commandments, and Lords Prayer:  
 Would she turn art and imitate  
*Monte-regios* flying Gnat?  
 Would she the Golden Legend shut  
 Within the Cloyster of a Nut?  
 Or else a musket-bullet rear  
 Into a vast and mighty spear?  
 Or pen an Eagle in the Caul  
 Of a slender Nightingale?  
 Or shews the Pigmies can create  
 Not too little but too great,  
 How comes it that she thus converts  
 So small a *Totum*, and great parts?  
 Strives she now to turn awry  
 The quick sent of philosophy?  
 How so little matter can  
 So monstrous big a form contain?  
 What shall we call (it would be known)  
 This Gyant and this Dwarf in one?  
 His Age is blaz'd in silver hairs,  
 His Limbs still cry out want of years.  
 So small a body in a Cage,  
 May chuse a spacious Hermitage.  
 So great a soul doth fret and fume  
 At th' narrow world for want of room.  
 Strange conjunction! here is grown  
 A Mole-hill and the Alps in one.  
 In th' self same action we may call  
 Nature both thrift and Prodigal.

## Rebëllis SCOTUS.

**C**UæD'o sumus, ista si cedant Scoto?

**V**ariata splenis Domino Psyche est suis.

*Aut fall' oratûs rea. Scripsit æstivæ.*

Campanulæ omnes; totus ualegon uro,

Coriacea cui millies mille hydræ,

Sububicanis pensiles paraciiis

Non sint refrigerio. Poeticus furor,

Cometâ non minus, vel ore flammeo

Commune despuente fatum stellulâ,

Dicum omniatur. Ecquis, è S'oa, suam

Jam temperet bilem? patria quando lue

Tam Pymmanâ id est pediculosâ, perit?

Bombamachi disque fit bolus myrmeciiis?

Scolus nec ausim nominare, carminum

Nisi inter anuleta, nec meditarier

Nisi cerebello, quod capillitio rubens

(Quale autumo coluberimum Furiis caput)

Quot inde verba, tot venena prompserit.

Rhadamanthem, sac, gutter esset nunc mibi,

Sulturque, patibulumque copiosius

Ruellins, Migus quam cærias bombycinas;

Poteram ut Agyeta Circulator pillulas

Vomicas loqui, aut ~~Amphidictyon~~ S'ygæ:

Aut ut Genæ Stentores, Perillis

Tartara & equuleos boare pulpitis:

At machinanti par forem nunquam Sco'o,

Cunëtis Scelopetis hisce gutturalibus

ut digna Di diuin, vorem par est prius,

(Pestigator ut) ficas, & acinaces.

Huc, huc Jumbæ, gressibus saxo tuis;

At, huc Jumbæ, morfibz saxo magis.

Satyræque tortryces, tot huc adducit

Flagella, quot præsens meretur seculum

Scoti Venificis paves; audax stylum

Harum cruore tinge, sic nocent minus.

*The Rebel SCOT.*

**H**OW! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew!  
 Then Madam Nature wears black patches too?  
 What shall our Nation be in bondage thus  
 Unto a Land that truckles under us?  
 Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,  
 Not all the buckets in a Country Quire  
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd,  
 When angry, like a Comet's flaming beard.  
 And where's the Stoick, can his wrath appease  
 To see his Countrey sick of Pym's disease?  
 By Scotch invasion, to me made a Prey  
 To such *Pig widgein Myrmidons* as they?  
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote  
 The name of *Scot* without an antidore;  
 Unless my head were red, that I might brew  
 Invention there that might be poyson too.  
 Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismal note  
 Disgorgeth halsters as a Juglers throat  
 Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick tone)  
 Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction:  
 Or roar like *Mashtil* that *Geneva Bull*,  
 Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:  
 Yet to expels a *Scot* to play that prize,  
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice,  
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,  
 I must (like *Hocus*) swallow Daggers first.

Come, keen *Jambicks* with your Badgers feet,  
 And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet;  
 Help, ye tart *Satyrists*, to imp my rage,  
 With all the *Scorpions* that should whip this age,  
*Scots* are like *Witches*; do but whet your pen;  
 Scratch till the blood come, they'll not hurt you then.

ut Martyres olim inducunt belluis  
 (Quasi sisterent Regis sacros hypocritas)  
 En hos eodem Schemate (aut retro) Scotos,  
 Extrâ Scotos, intus seras, & sine tropo.  
 Fallax Ierna vipera nihil soves  
 Scoto Colono? Non ego Britanniam.  
 Lupis carentem dixerim, v. vo Scoto.  
 Quia Thamesinus pyrgopolinices Scotus  
 Poterat leones, tigrides, ursos, canes  
 Proprii inquilinos pectoris spectaculo  
 Montrâsse; pro obolis omnibus quibus solet  
 Spectare monstra Cratis, & fori simul  
 Pæno ocreatum vulgus. Et patria fera  
 Scotos cremus indicit terræ plaga  
 Vel omnipresentem negans Deum, nisi  
 Venisset inde Carolus, cohors nisi  
 Cræfordiana, miles & Montrosileus,  
 Feritatis cluens notam paganica,  
 Hanc præstittisset semivictamam Deo;  
 Nec Scoticus est, totus Leopardus Leo?  
 Hab'nt & Aram sicut Arcam fœderis  
 Velut tabella bifidis pictæ plicis  
 Fuit Angelos pars hæc, & hæc Caco'amonas:  
 Cui somniant tartarum suasit pavor  
 Sic pœnitere, viderat regnum velim  
 Nigrius Scolorum semel, & esset innocens.  
 Regio, malignâ quæ facit votum prece,  
 Relocetur ad Gyares breves nunquam incola?  
 Purisset ubi Cainum nec exilio Deus,  
 Sed, ut ille trechedipnum, magis Domicenio.  
 ut gens vagans recutita, vel contagium,  
 Aut beelzebub, si des ubiquitarium.  
 Hinc erro sit semper Scotus, certos locos,  
 Et hos & illos quoslibet cûd' nauseans,  
 ut frustra d. v. si o. bis, & Topograph. æ  
 Mendicitatis offulas, curtas nimis.



Now as the Martyrs were in inforc'd to take  
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake;  
 Ple bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes,  
 A *Scot*, within a beast, is no disguise.  
 No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation  
 Fosters no Venom, since the *Scot*'s plantation;  
 Nor c n our feign'd antiquity maintain;  
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again;  
 The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have shown  
 (Within the grate of his own breast alone)  
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingross  
 What all those wild Collegiate had cost:  
 The honest high-shoes, in their termly fees,  
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.  
 Nature her self doth Scotch-men beasts confess,  
 Making their Country such a wilderness,  
 A Land that brings in question and suspense  
 Gods omni-presence, but that *Charles* came thence,  
 But that *Montross* and *Crawfords* loyal band  
 Atton'd their sins, and christened half the Land,  
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots;  
 There is a Church, as well as Kirk of Scots:  
 As in a picture, where the squinting paint  
 Shews fiend on this side, and on that side saint:  
 He that saw Hell in's mellancholly dream  
 And in the twy-light of his fancy's theam,  
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,  
 Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Profelyte.  
 A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,  
 O may they never suffer banishment!  
 Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his doom,  
 Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home,  
 Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,  
 As if the devil had Ubiquity.  
 Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and descie  
 This or that place, rags of Geography.

Ipsa universitatis hæres integra,  
 Et totus in toto, natio Epidemica,  
 Nec gliscit ergò jargonare Gallicè,  
 Exoticis aut Indicis modis, neque  
 Iberio nutu negare, nec studet  
 Callere quem de B. Igicis Hohen Moghen  
 Venter tumens, aut barba canthari refert.  
 (Quæ Coriatis una mens nostratibus)  
 Pugna est in animo, atque animus in patinâ Scoto.  
 Huic Strutbioni suggeret cibum chalybs,  
 Et deati-duktor appetitus baltheo,  
 Pro more, pendulos molares inserit.

At interim nostras quid involant dopes?  
 Serpens Edenum, nos Edenburgum appetita  
 Aut Angliæ, cui jam malum est Hemorrhoids,  
 Hamatopotas hos posteris meatibus  
 Natura medica supposuit hirudines  
 Cruore satiandos licet nostro prius,  
 Nostro sed & cruore moribundos quoque.

Nec compito credant priori, nos item  
 Novum addituros, servitutem pristinae  
 Aliam, gemellam nupera, fraterculos  
 Palpare quando caperant charos nimis,  
 (Suffragiorum scilicet poppy(mata)  
 Et crustulum impertire velut offam Cerbero  
 Subblandiens decreverat Senatulus.

Nos ara loculis? arma visceribus prius  
 Indemus usque & usque vel capulo tenus,  
 Seri videmus quo Scotum trañes modo.  
 Princeps rebellis mitior tergo quasi  
 Sellas equino detrahens aptat suo.

At jus rapinas h' scæ descendit vetus?  
 Egyptus ista perdit, aufert Israel;  
 An bibliorum nescis hos satellites?  
 Pratorianis queis cohortibus, (novæ  
 Hierusalem triariis) spes nititur  
 Sororeularum? Cardio, cardo vertitur  
 Cupediarum, primitiva Legis, &c.

They'r Citizens o'th' world; they'r all in all,  
*Scotland's* a Nation Epidemical.  
 And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode  
 How to be dress'd, or how to lisp abroad:  
 To return knowing in the Spanish shrug,  
 Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug  
 Resembles most in belly, or in beard,  
 (The Card by which the Marriners are steer'd.)  
 No; the *Scots* Errant fight, and fight to eat;  
 Their *Estrich stomachs* make their *swords* their meat.  
 Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,  
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their Belts.

Yet wonder not at this their happy choic',  
 The Serpent's fatal still to *Paradise*.  
 Sure *England* hath the *Hæmorrhoids*, and these  
 On the North posture of the patient seize,  
 Like Leeches, thus they physically thirst  
 After our blood, but in the Cure shall burst.

Let them not think to make us run o'th' score,  
 To purchase villenage, as once before,  
 When an Act pass'd to stroak them on the head,  
 Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Nor Gold, nor Acts of Grace, 'tis Steel must tame  
 The stubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim  
 Rebels by yielding, doth like him, (or worse)  
 Who saddled his own back, to shame his horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner soil,  
 Thus to lard *Israel* with *Egypt's* spoil?  
 They are the Gospels Life-guard, but for them  
 (The Garrison of *New-Jerusalem*)  
 What would the Brethren do? the Cause! the Cause!  
 Sick Possessors, and the Fundamental Laws?

O bone Dens ! quanti est cavere linteis !

Orexis ut Borealis, & fames, movet !

Victuque, vestibusque cassi, hinc Kaoxio

Sutore simul, & Kuoxio utuntur coquo,

Piè quod algeant quod esuriant piè.

Larvas quin usque detrahas, & nummulis

Titulisque, (ut animabus) subest fallacia.

Librae, & Barones (detumescent interim

Vocabulorum tympani) quanti valent !

Hic Cantianum pene, pene villicum,

Solidosque totos illa, sed gratis, duos.

Apagè superbae fraudulentia, simul

Prosapia Piètos, fide & Piètos procul ;

Opprobrium poetico vel stigmati

Etiâ cruci crux. Non aliter Hyperbolus

Hyperselestus ostracismo fit pudor.

Americanus, ille, qui cœlum horruit

Quod Hispanorum repax eo sed pars quota !

Viderat in Orco si Scotos, (hui tot Scotos ?)

Rote odamus perpenderat medioximus.

Sat mafa ! semissa fercularia

Medullitus vorans, diabolis invides

Propriam sibi suam Scoti paropsidem.

Hi Berniclis enim Scoti, si Lucifer

Saturatur ipsis Berniclationibus.

Nam lapsus à furcâ Scotus, max & Styge

Tinctus, suum novatur in Plant-Auferem.

Lord! what a good thing is want of shirts!  
 How a Scotch stomach, and no meat, converts!  
 They wanted food and rayment; so they took  
 Religion for their Seamstress, and their Cook.  
 Unmask them well; their honours and estate  
 As well as conscience are sophisticate.  
 Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,  
 A Laird and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise,  
 When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,  
 And a good sober two pence, and well so.  
 Hence then, you proud Impostors, get you gone  
 You Picts in Gentry and devotion;  
 You scandal to the stock of Verse, a race  
 Able to bring the G-bbet in disgrace.  
*Hyperbolus* by suffering did traduce  
 The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.

The Indian, that heaven did forswear,  
 Because he heard the Spaniards were there,  
 Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,  
 He would *Erasmus* like have hung between.

My Muse hath done. A Voider for the nonce;  
 I wrong the devil, should I pick their bones,  
 That dish is his; for when the Scots decease,  
 Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.

A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,  
 Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Soland Goose.

*On an ugly Woman.*

**A**S Scriveners sometimes take delight to see  
 Their basest writing, Nature has in thee  
 Essay'd how much she can transgress at once  
*Appelles Draughts, Durers proportions;*  
 And for to make a jest, and try a wit,  
 Has not (a woman) in thy forehead writ;  
 But scribl'd so, and gone so far about,  
*Indagine* would never smell thee out;  
 But might exclaim, here onely riddles be,  
 And Heteroclites in physiognomy:  
 But as the mystick Hebrew backward lies  
 And Algebra's, ghest by absurdities,  
 So must we spell thee, for who would suppose  
 That globous piece of Wanescot were a nose,  
 That crockt *et-cetera's* were wrinkles, and  
 Five *Napels* bones glew'd to a wrist, and hand;  
 Egyptian Antiquaries might survey  
 Here Hieroglyphicks, time hath worn away:  
 And wonder at an English face, more odd  
 And antique, than was e're a Memphian god,  
 Eras'd with more strange letters than might scare  
 A raw and unexperienc'd Conjurer:  
 And tawny Africk blush, to see her frie  
 Of monsters in one skin so kennel'd lie.  
 Thou mayst without a guard her desarts pass,  
 When savages but look upon thy face:  
 Were but some Piët now living, he would soon  
 Deem thee a fragment of his Nation;

And

And wiser Ethiopians infer  
 From thee, that sable's not the onely fair ;  
 Thou privative of beauty whose one eye  
 Doth question Metaphysicks verity ;  
 Whose many crosse aspects may prove anon  
 Foulness, more than a meer Negation.  
 Blast one place still, and never dare t'escape  
 Abroad out of thy mother Darknes lap,  
 Left that thou make the world afraid, and be  
 Even hated by thy Nurse, Deformity.

---

*To the King recovered' from a Fit of Sicknes:*

Most Gracious Sir,

**N**OW that you are recover'd, and are seen,  
 Neither to fright the Ladies, nor the Queen;  
 That you to Chappel come, and take the air,  
 Makes that a Verse, which was before my prayer;  
 For Sir, as we had lost you, or your fate,  
 Not sickness, had been told us, all of late.  
 So truely mourn'd, that we did onely lack  
 One to begin, and put us all in black.  
 The Court, as quite dissolv'd, did sadly tell,  
*White-Hall* was onely where the King is well.  
 Nor griev'd the people less, the Commons eyes,  
 Free as their loyal hearts, wept Sublidies.  
 And in this publique woe some went so far,  
 To think the danger did deserve a star,  
 Which though 'twere short: as but to show,  
 You would like one of us a sickness know,

And

And that you could be mortal, and to prove,  
By trial of their grief, your subjects love,  
Would keep your bed, or chamber, yet our fear  
Made that short time we saw you not, a year ;  
So did we reason mindless, and to gain  
Your quick recov'ry, striv'd to share your pain.  
Nay, such an interest had we in your health,  
That in you sick'ned Church & Commonwealth.  
Alas, to miss you was enough to bring  
An Anarchy, but that your life was King  
More than your Scepter, & though you refrain'd  
To come among us, yet your actions reign'd ;  
They were our pattern still, and we from thence,  
Did in your absence chuse our rule and Prince.  
And liv'd by your example, which will stay,  
And govern here, when you are turn'd to clay.  
For what is he, that ever heard or saw  
Your conversation, and not thought it Law ?  
Such a clear temper, of so wise and sweet  
A Majesty, where power and goodness meet  
In just proportions ; such religious care  
To practise what you bid , as if to wear  
The Crown or Robe were not enough to free  
The Prince from that which subjects ought to be.  
Lastly (for all your graces to rehearse,  
Is fitter for a story, than my verse : )  
Such a high reverence do your vertues win,  
They teach without, and govern us within,  
And so enlarge your Kingdoms, when they see  
Oar minds more than our bodies bend the knee.  
And



And though before you we stand onely bare,  
These make your Presence to be every where.

---

*Upon the Birth of the Duke of York.*

**M**ake big the bonfires, for in this one Son,  
The Queen's delivered of a Nation,  
She hath brought forth a People, now we may  
Confess our doubted life, and boldly say,  
This Prince compleats our joy, because he can  
Already make the *Prince of Wales* a man,  
And so confute the Nurse, when he shall see  
Himself in him past his minority.

Good morrow, Babe, welcome into that air,  
Which thou confirmest ours, which now we dare  
Bequeath to our late nephews that shall see  
It alwayes English in the Prince and thee,  
And never know the doubtful Scepter stand  
In expectation of a chosen hand;  
Nor danger of an armed, that may bar  
The Crown from falling perpendicular,  
And so cross nature. For I must confess,  
I wish the Prince such lasting happiness,  
And do commend to Providence this work,  
That the State may not need a *Duke of York*,  
And think a given, and protected Heir,  
Enough to silence any modest prayer:  
Yet since the wiser Heavens do conceive  
A way to bless posterity, to leave  
So much of *Charles* to them as they shall see  
Drawn to the life in so much imag'rie,

And

And durst not trust a Chronicle, but would  
 Derive his virtues onely in his blood;  
 And thinking them too vast for one, did try  
 To coyn a Partner to his Legacy:  
 May Heaven proceed to keep him, may he shine  
 To mock the poorenesse of the Indian Mine,  
 And scorn the Fleet having a treasure far  
 Above the winds reach, or the *Hollander*,  
 So may he puzzle Statesmen, and put down  
 All reck'nings of revenues to the Crown,  
 And alter the Kings Rents, for his two Sons  
 Must go for twenty thousand millions;  
 And so make *Charles* the jealous world ally,  
 Thus grown too potent for an Enemy;  
 All those must study Leagues now, that had rather  
 Seem rich in any Title than of Father:  
 But may he still be dreadful so, and be  
 To these abroad fear'd as a Deity,  
 At home lov'd as a Father whilst he thus  
 To them is terrour, a shield to us.

---

*On Parsons the great Porter.*

**S**Ir, or great Grandfire, whose vast bulk may be  
 A burying-place for all your Pedigree:  
 Thou moving Colosse, for whose goodly face,  
 The *Rhyne* can hardly make a Looking-glass;  
 What piles of victuals hadst thou need to chew,  
 Ten *Woods* or *Morrets* throats were not enow;  
 Dwarf was he, whose wife's bracelets fit his thumb  
 It would not on thy little finger come.

If *Jove* in getting *Hercules* spent three  
 Nights, he might be fifteen in getting thee  
 What name or title suits thy Greatness, thou,  
*Aldiberonifuscorphornio*?  
 When *Giants* war'd with *Jove*, hadst thou bin one,  
 Where other oaks, thou wouldst have mountains  
 thrown;  
 VVert thou but sick, what help could ere be  
 wrought,  
 Unless *Physitians* posted down thy throat?  
 VVert thou to die and *Xerxes* living, he  
 VVould not pare *Athos* for to cover thee; (scale  
 VVert thou t'embalm, the *Surgeons* needs must  
 Thy body, as when *Laborors* dig a *Whale*.  
 Great Sir, a People kneaded up in one, (stone:  
 VVe'l weigh thee by *Ship-burdens*, not by th'  
 VVhat tempests might thou raise, what wirlwinds  
 when  
 Thou breathes, thou great *Leviathan* of men:  
 Bend but thy eye a *Country-man* would swear,  
 A *Regiment* of *Spaniards* quarter'd there;  
 Smooth but thy brow they'l say, there were a  
 Plain,  
 T'ast *Turk* and *Lancaster* once o're again!  
 That *Pocket-pistol* of the *Queens* might be  
 Thy pocket-pistol, *sans Hyberbole*:  
 Abstain from *Garrisons*, since thou may'st eat  
 The *Turks*, or *Moguls* titles at a bit.  
 Plant some new land, which ne're will empty be,  
 If she enjoy her *Savages* in thee:

Get

Get from amongst us, since we onely can  
Appear like sculls marcht o're by *Tamberlain*.

*On his going by Water, by the Parliament-house.*

**O**H the sad fate of unsuccessful Sin! (within.  
You see those heads without, there's worse

*Upon coming into a Chamber called Parnassus, where  
the Gentry Arms (were depicted) of Norfolk and  
Suffolk, in Norwich.*

**H**ere Gallants find their Arms, & so it's meet,  
But where they find their Arms, they lose  
their feet.

*Against ALE.*

**T**Hou Juyce of *Lethe*! O thou dull  
Inhospitable Drink of *Hull*,  
Not to be drunk, but in the Devils scul;  
Depriver of those solid Joyes,  
Which *Sack* creates: *Anchor* of noise  
Among the roaring *Punks* and *Dammy-Boyes*:  
On thy account the *Watch* doth sleep,  
When they our nightly peace should keep,  
Then *Rogues* and *Cut-purses* in at windows creep.  
2. The Jug-broke pate doth owe to thee  
Its bloody Line and Pedigree,  
Now murther, and anon the Gallow-tree:  
A *Poet* once did lick thy Juyce,  
But oh! how his benumbed Juyce  
Was mir'd in non-sense, and in State abuse.

A Souldier once that would have pickt  
 Strife with the *Devil*, thy dull broth had lickt,  
 That night this renown'd Turdibanck was kickt.

3. The other night the *Meal-man Will*,  
 Did lap so largely of thy swill,  
 Next morn he let a *far* blew down his Mill :  
 That Lover was in pretty case,  
 That trimm'd thee with a Ginger-race,  
 And after belched in his Mistriss face.  
 More of thy vertues I could tell,  
 But that to speak of thee's haif hell,  
 Then take my Curse by *Candle*, *Book*, and *Bell*.

4. May *Bards* that drink thee, write a small,  
 Unsubstanc'd Line *pedantical*,  
 Unsinewie *enigmatical*;  
 Saltless and gauless be thy Curse,  
 Numberless, rugged, empty, worse  
 Than the poor Poets empty belly, purse.  
 May he that brews thee wear a Nose  
 Richer than the *Lord Mayor's* clothes,  
 The *Sattin* Clerry, or the *Velvet* Rose.

5. May he that draws thee likewise wear  
 A *Carbuncle* from ear to ear,  
 That thatch and linnen may stand off and fear ;  
 May some old *Hag-witch* get astrid,  
 Thy Bung, as if she meant to ride,  
 On purpose for to lance thy yeasty side :  
 May others be as sick as I,  
 That tope thee next ; then down and die  
 Poor *Ale*, a funeral-trap for Wasp, or Fly.

## The Old Gill.

1.

IF you will be still  
Then tell you I will  
Of a lovely old *Gill*.  
Dwelt under a hill:  
Her locks are like Sage  
That's well worn with age,  
And her visage would swage  
A stout mans courage.

2.

Teeth yellow as Box,  
Clean out with the Pox,  
Her breath swells like Lox,  
Or unwiped Necks.  
She hath a devilish grin,  
Long hairs on her Chin,  
To the foul footed *Fis*  
She's nearly a kin.

3.

She hath a beetle brow,  
Deep furrows enow,  
She's ey'd like a Sow,  
Flat nos'd like a Cow,  
Lips swarthy and dun,  
A mouth like a Gun,  
And her rattle doth run  
As swift as the *San*.

4.

On her back stands a hill,  
You may place a Windmill,  
And the Farts of her Gill  
Will make the sails trill.

Her Neck is much like  
The foul swines in the dikes,  
Against Crab-lice and tyke,  
A blew pin is her pike.

5.

Within this *And*  
There dwells an *Hurricane*,  
And the rift of her *Plano*  
Vomits smoke like *Vulcano*;  
But a pox of her twist,  
It is alwayes bepist,  
And the devil's in his list,  
That to her mill brings grist

6.

'Ware the dint of her dirt,  
She will give you a flurt,  
She has alwayes the squint,  
She is loose and ungirt;  
Wat of wine makes her pant  
Till she fizzle and rant,  
And the hole in her grant,  
Is as deep as *6*.

7.

Yea, as deep as a well,  
A Furnace or Kell,  
A bottomless Cell,  
Some think it is hell:  
But I have spoken my fill  
Of my lovely old *Gill*;  
And 'tis taken so ill,  
I'll lay down my quill.

*To the Queen upon the Birth of one of her  
Children.*

**T**Hat Children are like Olive-branches, we  
Took for a figure, now 'twas prophetic,  
Your Births, great Queen, have made a new ac-  
count,  
Who bring not forth some Olives, but the Mount;  
And we, who wisht your Table half way round  
Beset with them, do now behold it crown'd,  
Were there no other Court, or Nobles, yet  
The King, we see, can his own Court beget:  
Nay, in the first worlds age, he that could do  
Like him, was Father of his Country too.  
When in that dearth of Subjects, Kings were fain  
First to beget their Kingdoms, and then reign,  
When their own off-spring were their people;  
One family both fill'd, and made the Land. (and  
But I speak treason, to say Princes blood  
Can e're run into people, 'tis a flood (name  
Ev'n in the fountain: small streams lose their  
Such births, like th' Ocean are still the same.  
No number makes them private, we may call  
Not all one Nation, but Nations all.  
For as I've seen the Ark drawn like the womb  
Of the four Empires and the world to come,  
Out of whose midst hath sprung a mystick Tree.  
With every branch a Genealogy,  
Not of some house, but of the world, this bough  
For *Europe*, that for *Afrik* we allow:

And all the other smaller twigs there seen  
 Have stood for Isles, or Countrys; so, great Queen,  
 From you, as from the Ark, nothing can be  
 Born less than Kingdoms, or a Monarchy.  
 Your pains are all imperial, and your throws  
 Can bring forth naught that is not great; yet those  
 For daughters still have thus more publick been,  
 That you by them to Christendom lie in;  
 Your sons may make us safe, but we the while  
 Must be a world divided, still an Isle,  
 We shall be now o'th' Continent; this Sex  
 Will mak' t' all one to conquer, or annex,  
 To be ally'd, will bring, what some in vain  
 Hope for by th' sword, an universal reign;  
 Which yet we may despair of, since we see  
*Europe* to match yours, will want Progeny.

---

*To Cloris, a Rapture.*

**C**OME *Julia*, come! let's once disbody, what,  
 Straight matter ties to this, and not to that,  
 We'l disingage, our bloodless form shall fly  
 Beyond the reach of earth, where ne'r an eye  
 That peeps through spectacles of flesh, shal know  
 Where we intend, or what we mean to do;  
 From all contagion of flesh remov'd,  
 We'l sit in judgement, on those pairs that lov'd  
 In old and latter times, then will we tear  
 Their Chaplets that did act by slavish fear,  
 Who cherisht causeless griefs, and did deny  
*Cupids* Prerogative by doubt, or tie;

But



But they that mov'd by confidence, and clos'd  
 In one refining flame, and never los'd  
 Their thoughts on earth, but bravely did aspire  
 Unto their proper Element of Fire,  
 To these we'l judge that happiness to be  
 The witnesses of our Felicity.

Thus we'l like Angels move, nor will we binde  
 In words the copious language of our minde,  
 Such as we know not to conceive, much less,  
 Without destroying in their birth, express:  
 Thus will we live, and ('t may be) cast an eye  
 How far *Elisium* doth beneath us lie;  
 What need we care, though milky Currents run  
 Amongst the silken Meadows, though the Sun  
 Doth still preserve by's ever walking ray  
 A never discontinued spring, or day.  
 That Sun, though all its heat be to it brought,  
 Cannot exhale the vapour of a thought.  
 No, no, my Goddess, yet will thou and I  
 Devested of all flesh, so folded lie,  
 That ne're a body'd nothing shall perceive  
 How we unite, how we together cleave;  
 Nor think this while our feathered minutes may  
 Fall under measure, Time it self can stay  
 T' attend our pleasures, for what else would be  
 But tedious durance in eternity?

---

*An Elegy upon Ben. Johnson.*

**A**S when the Vestal hearth went out, no fire  
 Less holy than that flame that did expire

Could kindle it again : so at thy fall  
 Our wits, great *Ben*, are too Apocryphal  
 To celebrate thy loss, since 'tis too much  
 To write thy Epitaph, and not be such.  
 What thou wert, like th' hard Oracles of old,  
 Without an Extasie cannot be told.  
 We must be ravisht first, thou must infuse  
 Thy self into us both the Theam and Muse :  
 Else, (though we all conspir'd to make thy herse  
 Our works) so that 't had been but one great verse,  
 Though the Priest had translated for that time  
 The Liturgy, and buried thee in Rhime ;  
 So that in *Meeter* we had heard it said,  
*Poetick dust is to Poetick laid :* ( might'st have  
 And though that dust being *Shakespear's*, thou  
 Not his room, but the Poet for thy grave ;  
 So that as thou didst Prince of numbers die,  
 And live, so thou mightest in numbers lie,  
 'Twere frail solemnity ; Verses on thee,  
 And not like thine, would but kinde Libels be.  
 And we (not speaking thy whole worth) should  
 raise  
 Worse blots than they that envied thy praise.  
 Indeed thou need'st us not, since above all,  
 Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.  
 Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy Tomb,  
 Th' Inscription worn out, and the marble dumb,  
 So that 'twould pose a Critick to restore  
 Half words, and words expir'd so long before ;  
 When thy maim'd statue hath a sentenc'd face,  
 And looks that are the horror of the place ;

That

That 'twill be Learnings and Antiquity,  
And ask a *Selden* to say, this was thee : (fear  
Thou'lt have a whole name still, nor needst thou  
That will be ruin'd, or lose nose, or hair.  
Let others write so thin, that they can't be  
Authors till rotten; no posterity (then,  
Can add to thy works; th' had their full growth  
When first born, and came aged from thy pen,  
Whilst living thou enjoyd'st the fame and sence  
Of all that time gives, but the reverence :  
When th'art of *Homers* years, no man will say  
Thy Poems are lesse worthy, but more gray.  
'Tis bastard Poetry, and o'th' false blood,  
Which can't without succession be good,  
Things that will alwayes last, do thus agree  
With things eternal; th'at once perfect be.  
Scorn then their censures, who gave out, thy wit  
As long upon a Comædy did sit,  
As Elephants bring forth; and that by blots  
And mendings, took more time than *Fortune* plots,  
That such thy draught was, and so great thy thirst,  
That all thy *Plays* were drawn at th' *Mermaid* first,  
That the Kings yearly but wore, and his wine  
Hath more right than thou to thy *Catiline*.  
Let such men keep a Diet, let their wit  
Be rackt, and while they write, suffer a Fit;  
When th'have felt tortures without pain the gout  
Such, as with less, the State draws Treason out;  
Though they should the length of Consumptions  
Sick of their Verse, and of their Poem die. (lie

'Twould not be thy worst scene, but would at last  
 Confirm their boastings, and shew made in haste,  
 He that writes well writes quick, since the rule's  
 Nothing is slowly done, that's alwaies new; (true,  
 So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,  
 Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen,  
 And so thy Alchymist plaid o're and o're,  
 Was new o'th' stage, when 'twas not at the door;  
 We like the Actors did repeat, the pit  
 The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy wit,  
 W<sup>ch</sup> was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,  
 That but to some not half thy Acts were parts,  
 Since of some silken judgements we may say  
 They fil'd a box two hours, but saw no play :  
 So that th' unlearned lost their money, and  
 Scholars sav'd only, that could understand :  
 Thy scene was free from monsters, no hard plot  
 Call'd down a god t' unty th' unlikely knot.  
 The stage was still a stage, two entrances (seas :  
 Were not two parts, o'th' world disjoyn'd by th'  
 Thine were Land-Tragedies, no Prince was found  
 To swim a whole scene out, then oth' itage drown'd  
 Pitcht fields, as *Red-bul* wars, still felt thy doom.  
 Thou laidst no sieges to the Musick room,  
 Nor wouldst allow to thy best Comedies  
 Humors that should above the people rise :  
 Yet was thy language and thy stile so high,  
 Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reacht to th' thigh;  
 And both so chaste, so 'bove Dramatick clean,  
 That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy scene ;

No foul loose line did prostitute thy wit,  
Thou wrot'st thy Comœdies, didst not commit,  
We did the vice arraign'd, not tempting hear,  
And were made Judges, not bad parts by th' ear,  
For thou even sin didst in such words array (play,  
That some who came bad parts, went out good  
Which ended not with th' Epilogue, the age  
Still acted, which grew innocent from th' stage.  
'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thy salt  
Serv'd but with pleasure to reform the fault,  
Men were laugh'd into vertue, and none more  
Hated fool acted, then were such before ;  
So did thy sting not blood, but humors draw,  
So much did Satyre more correct than Law,  
Which was not nature in thee, as some call,  
Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy Gall,  
That thou didst quarrel first, and then in spight  
Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write,  
That 't was revenge, not truth, that on thy stage  
*Carlo* was not presented but thy rage ;  
And that when thou in company wert met,  
Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was net,  
We know thy free vein had this innocence  
To spare the party, and to brand th' offence,  
And the just indignation thou wert in  
Did not expose shift but his tricks and gin, (these  
Thou mightst have us'd th' old Comick freedom,  
Might have seen themselves plaid, like *Socrates*,  
Like *Cleon Mammon* might the Knight have been,  
If as Greek Authors, thou hadst turn'd Greek  
spleen.

And

And hadst not chosen rather to translate  
 Their learning into English, not their rate;  
 Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft  
 Of thy humanity, might be call'd theft,  
 The other was not, whatsoe're was strange,  
 Or borrowed, in thee did grow thine by th'  
 change.

Who without Latine helps hadst been as rare  
 As *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or as *Shakespeare* were,  
 And like them, from thy native stock coult say,  
 Poets and Kings are not born every day.

---

*An Epitaph.*

**S**Tay, Gentle Reader, and shed o're  
 Thole sacred ashes one tear more.  
 These sad accents cloath'd in black,  
 Mourn him whom Church and State do lack,  
 And this weeping Marble stone  
 Doth invite a parting grone.  
 Here lies within this stony shade  
 Natures Darling, whom she made  
 Her fairest Model, her brief Story,  
 In him heaping all her Glory.  
 Here lies one whom times of old,  
 Among their wonders had inrol'd,  
 Whose set beams might well aspire,  
 Kindled by Poetick fire,  
 Unto a starry light, and there  
 For a Grave adorn a Sphere;  
 One so valiantly strong,  
 He fear'd to do any wrong.

Learn-

Learnings glory, who alone  
 Was fit to write on his own stone;  
 Here tongues lie speechless, to be dumb  
 Is our best *Epicedium*.

*Upon Wood of Kent.*

SIR, much good do't ye, were your table but  
*Pie-crust* or *Cheese*, you might your stomach shut  
 After your slice of Beef, what dare you try  
 Your force on an ell-square of Pudding-pie?  
 Perhaps 't may be a taste, three such as you  
 Unbreakfasted, might serve *Seraglio*.  
 When *Hanibal* scal'd th' *Alps*, hadst thou bin there  
 Thy Beef had drunk up all his Vinegar;  
 Well mightst thou be of Guard to *Henry* th' eight.  
 Since thou canst, like a Pigeon, eat thy weight:  
 Full wise was Nature that would not bestow  
 These tusks of thine into a double row; (shut  
 What womb could e'r contain thee, thou canst  
 A pond of Aviary in a Gut.  
 Had not thy mother born thee toothless, thou  
 Hadst eaten, Viper-like, a passage through;  
 Had he that wish'd the Cranes long neck to eat,  
 Put in thy stomach too, 't had been compleat.  
 Thou *Noah's Ark*, dead Sea, thou *Golgotha*,  
 Monsters beyond all men of *Africa*!  
 Beasts prey on beasts, fishes to fishes fall,  
 Great birds feed on the lesser, thou on all:  
 Hath there been no mistake, why may't not be,  
 When *Curtius* leapt the Gulf, 'twas into thee.

Now

Now we'l believe that man of *Chica* could  
 Make pills of arrows, and the boy that would  
 Chew only stones; nor can we think it vain,  
 That *Doranetho* ate up th' neighbouring plain  
 Poor *Christhon*, that could onely feast  
 On one poor Girl, in several dishes drest;  
 Thou hast devour'd as many sheep, as may  
 Cloath all the Pastures in *Arcadia*;  
 Yet, O how temperate, that ne're goes on  
 So far as to approach repletion.  
 Thou breathing Cauldron, whose digestive heat  
 Might boil the whole provision of the Fleet,  
 Say Grace as long as Meals, and if thou please,  
 Breakfast with islands, and drink healths with seas

---

*On Christ-Church Windows.*

**Y**OU that prophane our windows with a tongue  
 Set like some Clock, on purpose to go wrong;  
 Who when you were at service, sigh'd, because  
 You heard the Organs musick, not the Daws,  
 Pitying our solemn State, shaking your head,  
 To see no ruines from the floor to th' Lead:  
 To whose pure nose our Cedar gave offence,  
 Crying, It smelt of Papists frankincense,  
 Who walking on our marbles, scoffing said,  
 Whose bodies are under these toimestones laid?  
 Counting our Tapers works of darkness, and  
 Chooling to see Priests in blew aprons stand,  
 Rather than in rich Copes, which shew the art  
 Of *Sifera's* prey embroider'd in each part:

Then



Then when you saw the Altars Bafon, said,  
Why's not the Ewer on the Cup-board laid ?  
Thinking our very Bibles too profane,  
'Cause you ne'r bought fuch Covers in *Duck-lane*.  
Loathing all decency, as if you'd have  
Altars as foul, and homely as a grave.  
Had you one spark of reason, you would find  
Your felves, like idols, to have eyes, yet blind ;  
'Tis onely some bafe niggard, Heretie,  
To think Religion loves deformity.  
Glory did never yet make God the lefs,  
Neither can beauty defile Holinefs.  
What's more magnificent than heav'n, yet where  
Is there more love and Piety than there ?  
My heart doth wifh (were 't poffible) to fee  
*Paul's* built with precious ftones and porphyrie ;  
To have our Halls and Galleries out-shine  
Altars in beauty, is to deck our fwine  
With Orient pearl, whilft the deferving Quire  
Of God and Angels wallow in the mire.  
Our decent Copes only diftinction keep,  
That you may know the Shepherd from the fheep,  
As gaudy Letters in the Rubrick-show,  
How you may holy-dayes from lay-dayes know ;  
Remember *Aarons* robe, and you will fpy,  
Ladies at Masque are not fo rich as they. (when he  
Then are th' priefts words like thunder-claps,  
Is lightning like ray'd down with majefty ;  
May every Temple fhone like thofe at *Nile*,  
And ftill be free from Rat or Crocodile :

But

But you will urge, both Priest and Church should  
 The solemn partners of humility. (be  
 Do not some boast of rags? Cynicks deride  
 The pomp of Kings, but with a greater pride.  
 Meekness consists not in the clothes, but heart;  
 Nature may be vain-glorious well as Art:  
 We may as lowly before God appear,  
 Drest with a glorious pearl, as with a tear.  
 In his high presence, where the Stars and Sun  
 Do but eclipse, there's no ambition,  
 You dare admit gay paint upon a wall,  
 Why then in glass that's held Apocryphal?  
 Our bodies temples are, look in the eye,  
 The window, and you needs must pictures spy;  
*Moses and Aaron*, and the Kings Arms are  
 Daub'd in the Church, when you the *W* rden were,  
 Yet you ne'r fin'd for Papist: shall we say  
*Banbury* is turn'd *Rome*, because we may  
 See th' *Holy Lamb* and *Christopher*? nay more,  
 The Altar-stone set at the Tavern door?  
 Why can't the Ox then in th' Nativity,  
 Be imag'd forth, but Papists bulls are nigh?  
 Our pictures to no other end is made,  
 Than is your *Time* &'s bill, your *Death*, &'s spade  
 To us they'r but *Memento's* which present  
 Christs Birth, except his Word and Sacrament.  
 If't were a sin to set up Imag'ry,  
 To get a childe were flat Idolatry.  
 The models of our Buildings would be thus,  
 Directions to our houses, ruins to us:

Hath

Hath not each creature which hath daily breath,  
Something which resembles heaven or earth :  
Suppose some ignorant Heathen once did bow  
To images, may not we see them now ?  
Should we love darkness, and abhor the Sun,  
Cause *Persians* gave it adoration ?  
And plant no Orchards, because Apples first  
Made *Adam* and his lineal Race accurst.  
Though wine for *Bacchus*, bread for *Ceres* went,  
Yet both are used in the Sacrament ;  
What then if these were Popish Reliques ? few  
Windows are elsewhere old, but these are new,  
And so exceed the former, that the face  
Of these come short of th' outside of our glass :  
Colours are here mix'd, so that Rain-bows be  
(Compar'd) but Clouds without variety.  
Art here is Nature's envy, this is he,  
Not *Paracelsus*, but by *Chemistry*  
Can make a man from ashes, it not dust,  
Producing off-springs of his mind, not lust.  
See how he makes his Maker, and doth draw  
All that is meant i' th' Gospel, or i' th' Law.  
Looking upon the Resurrection,  
Methoughts I saw the blessed Vision,  
Where not his face is meerly drawn, but mind,  
Which not with paint, but oyl of gladness shin'd :  
But when I view'd the next pane, where we have  
The God of life transported to his grave,  
Light then is dark, all things so dull and dead,  
As if that part o' th' window had been Lead.

*Jonas*

*Jonas* his Whale did so mens eyes befool;  
That they have begg'd him th' Anatomy school,  
That he saw ships at *Oxford* one did swear,  
Though *Isis* yet will Barges hardly bear :  
Another soon, as he the trees espy'd,  
Thought him i'th' garden on the other side.  
See in what state (though on an ass) Christ went,  
This shews more glorious than the Parliament.  
Then in what awe *Moses* his rod doth keep  
The Seas, as if the frost had glaz'd the deep ;  
The raging waves are to themselves a bound,  
Some cry, help, help, or horse & man are drown'd  
Shadows do every where for substance pass,  
You'd think the sands were in an hour-glass,  
You that do live with Surgeons, have you seen  
A spring of blood forc'd from a swelling vein?  
So from a touch of *Moses* rod doth jump  
A Cataract, the Rock is made a Pump :  
At sight of whose o're-flowings many get  
Themselves away for fear of being wet.  
Here you behold a sprightly Lady stand,  
To have her frame drawn by a Painters hand :  
Such lively look and presence, such a dress  
King *Pharaohs* daughters image doth express ;  
Look well upon her Gown, and you will swear,  
The needle, not the pencil hath been there.  
At sight of her, some Gallants do dispute,  
Whether i'th' Church its lawful to salute ?  
Next *Jacob* kneeling, where his Kid-skin's such,  
As it may well cozen old *Isaac's* touch.

A Shepherd see'ng how thorns went round about  
*Abrahams* ram, would needs have helpt it out:  
 Behold the Dove descending to inspire  
 Th' Apostles heads with cloven tongues of fire,  
 And in a superficies there you'l see  
 The gross dimensions of profundity:  
 'Tis hard to judge which is best built, and higher  
 The Arch-roof in the window, or the Quire.  
 All beasts, as in the Ark, are lively done,  
 Nay, you may see the shadow of the Sun:  
 Upon a Landskip if you look a while,  
 You'l think the prospect at least forty mile:  
 There's none needs now go travel, we may see  
 At home *Jerusalem* and *Nineveh*,  
 And *Sodom* now in flames: one glance will dart  
 Farther than *Lynce* with *Galileas* art:  
 Seeing *Eliahs* Chariot, we fear  
 There is some fiery prod'gy in the air: (whip,  
 When Christ to purge his Temple, holds his  
 How nimbly hucksters with their baskets skip.  
*St. Peters* fishes are so lively wrought, (caught.  
 Some cheapen them, and ask when they were  
 Here's motions painted too: Chariots so fast  
 Run, that they'r never gone, though always past.  
 The Angels with their Lutes are done so true,  
 We do not onely look, but hearken too,  
 As if their sounds were painted: thus the wit  
 O'th' pencil hath drawn more than there can sit.  
 Thus (as in *Archimedes* sphere) you may  
 In a small glass, the Universe survey:

E

such

Such various shapes are too i'th' imag'ry,  
 As age and sex may their own features see,  
 But if the window cannot shew your face,  
 Look under feet, the Marble is your glass;  
 Which too, for more than ornament, is there,  
 The stones may learn your eyes to shed a tear,  
 They never work upon the conscience;  
 They cannot make us kneel, we are not such,  
 As think there's Balsom in the Kifs, or Touch,  
 Th at were gross superstition we know;  
 There's no more pow'r in them than the Popes  
 Toe.

The Saints themselves for us can do no good,  
 Much less their pictures drawn in glass or wood,  
 They cannot seal, but since they signifie,  
 They may be worthy of a cast o'th' eye,  
 Although no worship: that is due alone,  
 Not to the Carpenters, but Gods own Son;  
 Obedience to blocks deserves the Rod,  
 The Lord may well be then a jealous God.  
 Why should not statues now be due to *Paul*,  
 As to the *Cæsars* of the Cappelitol?  
 How many images of great Heirs, which  
 Had nothing but the din of being rich,  
 Shine in our Temples? kneeling alwayes there;  
 Where, when they were alive, they'd scarce ap-  
 pear

Yet shall Christs Sepulchre have ne're a Tomb?  
 Shall every Saint have a *John Baptists* Doom?  
 No limb of *Mary* stand? must we forget  
 Christs Cross, as soon as past the Alphabet?

Shall

Shal not their heads have room i'th'window, who  
Founded our Church and our Religion too?  
We know that God's a spirit, we confesse  
We cannot comprehend his name, much less  
Can a small glasse his nature : but since he  
Vouchsafed to suffer his humanity ;  
Why may not we (onely to put's in mind  
Of's Godhead) have his manhood thus enshrin'd?  
Is our Kings person less esteem'd because  
We read him in our Coins as well as Laws?

Do what we can, whether we think, or paint,  
All Gods expressions are but weak and faint,  
Yet Spots in Globes must not be blotted thence,  
That cannot shew the World's magnificence.  
Nor is it fit we should the skill controul,  
Because the Artist cannot draw the Soul.  
Cease then your railings and your dull com-  
To pull down Galleries and set up Saints (plaints,  
Is no impiety : now we may well  
Say that our Church is truly visible :  
Those that before our glasse scaffolds prefer  
Would turn our Temple to a Theater,  
Windows are Pulpits now; though unlearn'd, one  
May read this Bibles new Edition.  
Instead of here and there, a verse adorn'd  
Round with a Lace of paint, fit to be scornd.  
Even by vulgar eyes, each pane presents  
Whole Chapters with both comment & contents.  
The cloudy mysteries of the Gospel here  
Transparent as the Chrystal do appear,

'Tis not to see things darkly through a glass,  
 Here you may see our Saviour face to face;  
 And whereas Feasts come seldom, here's descri'd  
 A constant *Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide*:  
 Let the deaf hither come, no matter though  
 Faiths sense be lost, we a new way can show,  
 Here we can teach them to believe by th' eye  
 These silenc'd Ministers do edifie:  
 The Scriptures ray's contracted in a glass,  
 Like Emblems, do with greater vertue pass:  
 Look in the Book of Martyrs, and you'll see  
 More by the Pictures than the History:  
 That price for things in colours oft we give, (live,  
 Which we'd not take to have them while they  
 Such is the power of painting, that it makes  
 A loving sympathy 'twixt men and snakes, (vine,  
 Hence then *Paul's* doctrine may seem more di-  
 As Amber through a glass doth clearer shine:  
 Words pass away, as soon as head-ache gone,  
 We read in books what here we dwell upon;  
 Thus then there's no more fault in imag'ry.  
 Than there's in the *Practice of piety*,  
 Both edifie: what is in Letters there,  
 Is writ in plainer Hieroglyphicks here;  
 'Tis not a new Religion we have chose,  
 'Tis the same body, but in better clothes: (pray,  
 You'll say they make us gaze when we should  
 And that our thoughts do on the figures stray:  
 If so, you may conclude us beasts: what they  
 Have for their object, is to us the way.

Did



Did any e're use Prospective to see  
No farther than the glass, or can there be  
Such lazy Travellers so giv'n to sin,  
As that they'l take their dwelling at the Inne?  
A Christians light rests in Divinity,  
Signs are but Spectacles to help Faiths eye,  
God is the Center; dwelling on these words,  
My Muse a Sabbath to my brain affords;  
If their nice wits more solemn proof exact,  
Know, this was meant a Poem, not a Tract.

*The Anti-Platonick,*

<p><b>F</b>ond Love, what dost thou mean</p>	<p>The frothy part of man? No, no, they hate a Puritan.</p>
<p>To court an idle Folly, Platonick love is nothing else; But meerly melancholly, 'Tis active love that makes us jolly.</p>	<p>4. They care not for your sight, Nor your erected eyes, They hate to hear a man complain,</p>
<p>1. To dote upon a face, Or court a sparkling eye, Or to esteem a dimpled Compleat felicity, (cheek 'Tis to betray ones liberty.</p>	<p>Alas! he dies, he dies; Believe 'c they love a closer prize. 5. Then venture to embrace, 'Tis but a smack or two: I'm confident no woman lives,</p>
<p>3. Then pray be not so fond, Think you that women can Rest satisfi'd with complement</p>	<p>But sometimes she will do, The fault lies not in her, but you.</p>

*A sad Suit in a Petitionary Poem, sent by a  
poor Scholar to his Patron.*

**VV**onder not why these Lines come to  
your hand,  
The naked truth you soon shall understand :  
I have a Suit to you, that you would be  
So kind as send another *Suit* to me :  
The Spring appears, & now beasts, birds, and bees,  
The fruitful fields, gay gardens, and tall trees  
Are covered, all things that do creep or flie,  
Are putting their Apparel on, but I.  
Time hath impair'd my Breeches, they shew, Sir,  
Like the Scotch Flags that hang in *Westminster*.  
Round about *London* the hedges and the ditches,  
As they catch wool, wear fragments of my briches  
My patches dangle on my tattered trowles,  
Like hens and chickens which hang up in houses,  
And having crackt out the contracting stitches,  
They look rather like Petticoats than Briches,  
So that my Doublet pinn'd, makes me appear  
Not like a man, but a Loose-waistcoateer.  
The women call'd me woman, till the fools  
Spy'd their mistake through my pocket holes.  
My Waste-band's wasted, and my Doublet looks  
Like him that wears it, quite off o'the hooks.  
My eyes are out, and all my Button-moulds  
Drop like ripe Hazel-nuts out of their hulls.  
The suburbs of my Jacket are so gone,  
I have not left a skirt to sit upon,

My

My Doublet canvas be'n worn out behind,  
 I put a Poem there, to keep out wind.  
 Two sly knaves follow'd me, and one or both,  
 Like boyes in Horn-books, read it through the  
 My Belly-pieces are so fat, they will (cloth  
 If toasted, serve for belly pieces still.  
 Last *Shrove-tide* my fore-skirt, as I'm a sinner,  
 Fell in the Batter, and was fry'd for dinner. (it  
 And when the wench saw how my jaws did knock  
 She would have made a Pancake of my pocket.  
 That which I call a shirt, looks like a clout  
 Which some unhappy Gibbet had worn out.  
 Sir, as I am a live man, and a Scholar,  
 This very spring will purge away my choler :  
 My weed's so plough'd & harrowed, that I know,  
 Unless I can get new, 'tis time to sow.  
 About my neck, as you may understand,  
 By the Demidium's a right falling band.  
 I wear a pair of Cuffs withall, and they  
 Look like those torn which men snatch in a fray,  
 I had a Girdle too when I was drest,  
 Which was long since, but now (ungirt unblest)  
 Instead of wearing powd' red hair, my chief  
 Invention is to get me powd' red Beef.  
 My Hat's so full of holes, I can't devise  
 A way how I should pluck it o're my eyes :  
 My shoes and I in one condition roul,  
 And both appear as if we had no soul :  
 My stocking-calves the best of all my stock,  
 Are paradiz'd as naked as my Nock.

I'm like a Clock my self, which if fair weather  
 Should separate, no Art can put together :  
 My Books are ran away from off my shelf,  
 I cannot quote my Authour, nor my self ;  
 For like Sir *wills* Heroick Verse they be,  
 Heaven knows, all in the Land of *Lombardy*.  
 That Land of Ignorance, and full of ills,  
 Where Scholars teeth are their own Paper-mills,  
 Sir, I am piece'd like Cottages with thatch,  
 The old and new do sum up one grand patch :  
 Then pray Sir, quickly send me some redress,  
 Lest my suit falls; as a Cloud vanishes :  
 For it is now by most mens approbation,  
 The next degree unto annihilation :  
 Sir, to be brief, 'tis a confused rude  
 Rag, that admits of no similitude ;  
 There's no imagination that can strike it,  
 'Tis so like nothing, that there's nothing like it.

*The poor Cavalier, in memory of his old Suit.*

**T**Hough thou hast lasted 'bove a thousand days,  
 Till thou art ag'd & gray through advers ways,  
 Yet malice in its highest, dare pronounce,  
 No other, but that thou wert Scarlet once.  
 As in fair Beauties innocently dead,  
 Their very paleness hath a tinct of red :  
 Under thy gray, discernably thin streams  
 Lies, like to shipwrackt Strawberries in Cream.  
 I know 'tis vain to boast what thou hast been,  
 Yet thou wert red, when bloody votes were  
 green, E're

E're ripe Rebellion had a full-age power,  
To commit *Land*, and *Gourney* to the Tower :  
Ere middle-sighted Judgement understood,  
That 'twas 'gainst sense oth' Houses to be good.  
It is no humble honor of thy fate,  
To follow in thy sufferings, those of State :  
I have observ'd since *Lesley's* coming in,  
Thou hast been still declining with the King,  
Spite *Fairfax*, and the *Scots* did all agree,  
To take our sleep from us, thy nap from thee :  
But to declare thee in the State concern'd,  
When *Pomfret* was relieved, then thou wert turn'd.  
Prove thou didst wear new Buttons on thy brest,  
When baffel'd *Wallor* did retreat from th' West:  
When taken *Leicester* rais'd our thoughts & speech  
Then wert thou reinforced in the breach. (meet,  
Thanks to my tops and care, which though it  
To rob my legs to keep thee on thy feet.  
Nay, may I want belief, if when the report  
Of lost *Bridgewater* first arriv'd at Court.  
Each whisper did not rend thee : I could tell  
Still by new holes, how our disasters fell.  
At *Langport* when the West was well ago,  
(A sad mischance) thy Rear miscarried too,  
And by a strong intelligence at the same time,  
Thy hooks & buttons sprang with *Sherburns* mine  
Now peace be with thy dust, whilst I do mourn,  
And loyally industrious close thy Urn ;  
For the next motion to a calm in th' air,  
Will thy poor extants into pieces tear ;

And

And as the wind when th' winged Nation pays  
 Their feather'd tribute, sends it several ways,  
 One fragment would into *Bridge-water* fall,  
 In *Sherburn* one, in several *Garrisons* all,  
 And th' insolent Rebels at that sight be won  
 To think our thred of life like thine be done.  
 No, *quondam* *Suit*, I'l keep thee from their claws.  
 Rotten as th' art, thou shalt be found for th' Cause.  
 Rather than to our prejudice be disperst,  
 Thou shalt make *Jack-of-lents* and *Babies* first,  
 Bait fishers hooks to conzen *Mackrels* lips,  
 Because they keep the seas with Rebels ships;  
 Make good a field of Pease against *Jack-daw*,  
 Reduce revolting *Turkies* into awe;  
 And every part of thee shall be employ'd  
 To serve against Rebellion and Pride.  
 And as the pious Ancients use to rear  
 Tombs to the bodies, which they know not where  
 To find, to thee pure shade of shades (for in  
 This mortal life no ghost could be more thin)  
 This monumental Paper I do vow,  
 And thank God I've another habit now.

---

*To the Queen.*

*Great Queen,*

**VV** Hom tumults lessen not, whose womb,  
 we see,  
 Keeps the same method still, the same decree;  
 And midst the brandisht swords, & trumpets voice  
 Brings forth a Prince, a conquest to that noise.

We

We greet the courage of your Births? and spy  
Your Consorts spirit dancing in your eye.  
Valour he shrouds in armour, you in vail;  
You wrapt in tiffany, and he in mail.

The fair'st bloom might since the seasons lour,  
Lose all its scent, and turn a common flow'r:  
A storm might blast the beauty of that brow,  
And the fresh Rose shrink from its glory now.  
But there the constant flower in tempests gay,  
As in the silent whispers of the day,  
Can thrive in blasts, and alike fruitful be,  
When *Charls* in steel, or *Charls* in robes you see,  
You smile a Mother, when the just King stands,  
Or with a show'r, or thunder in his hands.

Thus you alone, seated above all Jars,  
Turn noise to tunes, and lightning into Stars.

---

*An Elegy on Ben. Johnson.*

Poet of Princes, Prince of Poets (we,  
If to *Apollo* well may pray to thee.)  
Give Glowworms leave to peep, who till thy night  
Could not be seen, we darkened were with light;  
For stars t' appear after the fall o'ch' sun,  
Is at the least modest presumption.  
I've seen a great lamp lighted by the small  
Spark of a flint found in a field, or wall;  
Our inner Verse faintly may shadow forth  
A dull reflection of thy glorious worth,  
And like a statue homely fashion'd, raise  
Some trophies to thy mem'ry, though not praise.  
Those

Those shallow Sirs, who want sharp sight to look  
 On the majestick splendor of thy book,  
 That rather chuse to hear an *Archy* prate,  
 Than the full sense of a learn'd Laureate;  
 May, when they see thy name thus plainly writ,  
 Admire the solemn measure of thy wit,  
 And like thy works beyond a gawdy show  
 Of boards and canvass, wrought by *Inigo*.  
 Ploughmen, who puzzled are with figures, come  
 By tallies to the reckoning of a sum, (lap  
 And milk-sop heirs, which from their mothers  
 Scarce travell'd, know far Countreys by a map.  
*Shakespeare* may make griefs, merry *Beaumonts* stile  
 Ravish and melt anger into a smile;  
 In winter nights, or after meals, they be,  
 I must confess very good company;  
 But thou exact our best hours industry,  
 We may read them, we ought to study thee;  
 Thy scenes are precepts, every verse doth give  
 Counsel, and teach us, not to laugh, but live.  
 You that with tow'ring thoughts presume so high  
 (Swell'd with a vain ambitious tympany) (calls  
 To dream on Scepters, whose brave mischief  
 The blood of Kings to their last funerals,  
 Learn from *Sejanus* his high fall, to prove  
 To thy dread Sovereign a sacred love;  
 Let him suggest a reverend fear to thee,  
 And may his Tragedy thy lecture be;  
 Learn the compendious age of slippery power,  
 That's built on blood, and may one little hour  
 Teach



Teach thy bold rashness, that it is not safe,  
 To build a kingdom on a *Cæsars* grave;  
 Thy plays were whipt and libell'd, only 'cause  
 They'r good, and favour of our Kingdoms Laws,  
*Histrion-masticks* (lightning-like) doth wound  
 Those things alone that solid are and sound.  
 Thus guilty men hate justice, so a glass,  
 Is sometimes broke for shewing a foul face;  
 There's none that wish thee rods, instead of bays,  
 But such whose very hate adds to thy praise;  
 Let Scriblers (that writ post and verlise  
 With no more leasure than we cast a *Dye*)  
 Spur on their *Pegasus* and proudly cry,  
 This verse I made i'th' twinkling of an eye;  
 Thou could'it have done so, hadst thou thought  
 it fit,

But 'twas the wisdom of thy Muse to sit  
 And weigh each syllable, suffering nought to pass,  
 But what could be no better than it was;  
 Those that keep pompons state, ne're go in haste,  
 Thou went'st before them all though not so fast;  
 While their poor cobweb-stuff finds as quick fate,  
 As birth, and sells like Alm'nacks out of date,  
 The marbled glory of thy labour'd rhyme  
 Shall live beyond the Calender of time,  
 Who will their Meteors 'bove the Sun advance;  
 Thine are the works of Judgment, theirs of  
 Chance.

How this whole Kindgom's in thy debt, we have  
 From others periwigs and paint, to save

Our

Our ruin'd skulls, and faces ; but to thee  
 We owe our tongues, and fancies remedy.  
 Thy Poems make us Poets, we may lack  
 (Reading thy book) stoln sentences and Sack.  
 He that can but one speech of thine rehearse,  
 Whether he will or no, must make a verse,  
 Thus trees give fruit, the kernels of that fruit  
 Do bring forth trees, which in more branches  
 Our Canting English of it self alone. (shoot  
 I had almost said a confusion)  
 Is now all harmony ; what we did say  
 Before was tuning only, this is play.  
 Strangers who cannot reach thy sense, wil throng  
 To hear us speak the accents of thy tongue,  
 As unto birds that sing : if 't be so good  
 When heard alone, what is 't when understood,  
 Thou shalt be read as **Classick** Authors ; and  
 As Greek and Latine taught in every land.  
 The cringing *Monsieur* shall thy language vent,  
 When he would melt his wench with comple-  
 Using thy phrases, he may have his wish, (ment  
 Of a coy Nun, without an angry pish ?  
 And yet in all thy Poems there is shown  
 Such chastity, that every line's a zone.  
*Rome* will confess that thou mak'st *Cesar* talk  
 In greater state and pomp than he could walk  
*Catalines* tongue is the true edge of swords,  
 We now not onely feel, but hear thy words ;  
 Who *Tully* in thy Idiom understands,  
 Will swear that his O'rations are commands :

But

But that which could with richer language dress  
 The highest sense, cannot thy words express.  
 Had I thy own invention, which affords  
 Words above action, matter above words,  
 To crown thy merits, I should onely be  
 Sumptuously poor, low in Hyperhole.

---

*Another on Ben. Johnson.*

**W**Ho first reform'd our stage with justest laws,  
 And was the first best Judg in his own  
 cause

Who (when his actors trembled for applause)  
 Could (with a noble confidence) prefer  
 His own, by right, t' a noble Theater;  
 From principles, which he knew could not erre.

Who to his fable did his person fit,  
 With all the properties of Art and Wit,  
 And above all that could be acted, writ.

Who publick follies did to covert drive,  
 Which he again could cunningly retrace,  
 Leaving them no ground to rest on and thrive.

Here *Johnson* lies, whom had I nam'd before,  
 In that one word alone I had paid more,  
 Than can be now, when plenty makes me poor.

---

*To his Mistress.*

**C**ome (dearest *Julia*) thou and I  
 Will knit us in so strict a tie,  
 As shall with greater power ingage,  
 Than feeble charms of marriage;

We

We will be friends, our thoughts shall go,  
 Without impeachment, to and fro;  
 The same desires shall elevate  
 Our mingled souls, the self-same hate  
 Shall cause a version, we will hear  
 One sympathizing hope and fear;  
 And for to move more close, we'll frame  
 Our triumphs and our tears the same:  
 Yet will we ne're so grossly dare,  
 As our ignobler selves to share;  
 Let men desire like those above,  
 Spiritual forms we'll onely love;  
 And teach the ruder world to shame,  
 When heat increaseth to a flame:  
 Love's like a Landskip, which doth stand,  
 Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.

*A sight of the Ruines of St. Pauls.*

**H**Omers vaste Iliads found so small a Cell,  
 They reclus'd were to th' Cloyster of a shell,  
 There fate attends, there ruine, *Pauls* must be  
 Unto it self both Urn and Elegy;  
 But must the Marble from thy Carcase rent,  
 Thy glory once, now turn thy Monument?  
 Can there no Sheer, nor Sear-cloth be allow'd,  
 But thy own lead to be thy funeral-shroud:  
 Since by their publick Vote this was thy doom,  
 Thou and Religion are to have one Tomb,  
 And wrapt up in a heap of Ruines, lie  
 Intomb'd i' th' Center of an Anarchy.

Must

Must thou thy self, thy crumbled self interr,  
And to thy self be thy own Sepulcher;  
Nay, must thy ruines too, instead of Verse,  
Hang like dull Pendants on thy scatter'd Herse?  
Sure when the Eastern Monarchs shook away  
The narrow circumscription of their Clay,  
'Twas thought contracted mankind did expire,  
And mix its ashes with their funeral Fire.

Such Hecatombs of dying Tribes became  
Unto their Urns both Hecacomb and Flame;  
So now, the unhallow'd breath of storms, have  
This Pile into a rude Confusion; (thrown  
And from its aged head fierce Zeal hath torn  
That rev'rent pomp w<sup>ch</sup> there so long was worn,  
That now its face appears like wither'd Care,  
Or wilder than the looks of Fevers are.  
All other Churches, which like lesser Rayes,  
Darted their light from this Sun's nobler blaze,  
Did into order, and fair Figure Fall,  
As transcripts drawn from this Original;  
Lest this sad heap its Funeral-right should lack,  
Each wears its Ruines like to solemn black;  
But if this will not serve, the dust of those  
Which slumber in their silence and repose  
Of their cold Urns, will like an Earthquake swell,  
And break the gloomy Cloyster of each Cell,  
That treasures up their drowsie clay, and make  
All the Convulsed Limbs of *London* shake,  
So long until it drop one heap, and be  
At once its Mourner, Tomb, and Obsequie.

*A relation of a Quaker, that to the shame of his Profession, attempted to Buggar a Mare near Colchester.*

**A**Ll in the Land of Essex  
Near Colchester the zealous,

On the side of a banck  
Was play'd such a prank,  
As wuld make a stone-horse  
jealous. (Nailor

Help Woodcock, Fox, and  
For brother Green's a Scalion

Now alas what hope,  
Of converting the Pope,

When a Quaker turns Italian  
Unto our whole profession,

A scandal 'twill be counted,  
When 'tis talkt with disdain

Amongst the profane,

H.w brother Green was  
mounted.

And in the good time of  
Christmas, (have

Which though the saints  
damn'd all,

Yet when did they hear  
Of a damn'd Cavalier

E're plaid such a Christmas  
Gambal?

Hid thy flesh, O Green, been  
pamper'd (low'd,

With any Creature unhal-  
ludst thou sweetned thy

Gums

With Portage of Plumbs,

Or profane ming'd Pie hadst  
swallow'd,

Roll'd up in wanton swines  
flesh,

The fiend might have crept  
into thee,

Then fulness of gut  
Might have made thee run,

And the devil so have rid  
through thee.

But alas he had been feasted  
With a spiritual Collation

By our frugal Mayor,  
Who can dine with a prayer

And sup with an Exhortation  
'Twas meer impulse of spirit,

Though he us'd the weapon  
carnal,

Filly foal quoth he,

My Bride thou shalt be:

Now how this is lawful,  
learn all.

For if no respect of persons  
Be due 'mongst the Sons of

Adam,

In a large extent,

Then it may be meant

That a Mare's as good as a  
Madam. (mony

Then without more cere-

Nor Bennet vail'd, nor kist

her,

He took her by force,

For better for worse,

And he us'd her like a Sister.

Now

Now when in such a saddle	Then say what we can,
A saint will needs be riding,	Brother <i>Green's</i> outward
Though I dare not say	man
'Tis a falling away,	I fear will be suspended,
My there not be some back-	And our Adopted Sister.
sliding?	Will find no better quarter,
No surely, quoth <i>James</i>	But when him we inroul
<i>Nailor,</i>	For a Saint, Filly Foal
'Twas but an insurrection.	Shal pass at least for a martyr
Of the carnal part,	Now <i>Rome</i> that spiritual
For a Quaker in heart	<i>Sodom,</i>
Can never lose perfection,	No longer is thy debtor,
For so our matters teach us,	O <i>Colchester</i> now
The intent being well di-	Who's <i>Sodom</i> but thou,
rected,	Even according to the letter?
Though the devil trapan	Help <i>Woodcock</i> , <i>Fox</i> , and
The Adamicall man,	<i>Nailor</i>
The Saint stands uninfec-	For brother <i>Green's</i> a stallion
ed.	Now alas what hope
But yet a Pagan Jury	Of converting the Pope
Still judges what's intend-	When a Quaker turns Ita-
ed,	lian.

*Upon a Talkative Woman.*

**P**EACE Beldam *Ugly*, thou'lt not find  
 M' ears bottles for enchanted wind;  
 That breath of thine can onely raise  
 New storms, and discompose the Seas.  
 It may (assisted by thy clatter)  
 A Pigmæan army scatter;  
 Or move, without the smallest strain.  
*Loretto's* Chappel once again,  
 And blow St. *Goodrick* while he prays,  
 And knows not what it is he says.

And help false Latine with a hem,  
 From *Finkley* to *Jerusalem*,  
 Or in th' *Pacificque* Sea supply  
 The winde that Nature doth deny.  
 What, do'st thou think I can retain  
 All this, and spout it out again?  
 As a furcharged whale doth spew  
 Old rivers, to receive in new:  
 Thou art deceiv'd, even *Æol's* cave,  
 That can all other blasts receive,  
 Would be too small to let in thine?  
 How then these narrow ears of mine?  
 Defect of Organs may with me pass,  
 By chance to pillorize an asse;  
 Yet should I shake his ears, they'd be  
 Not long enough to heark to thee.  
 Yet if thou haist a minde to hear,  
 How high thy voices merits are;  
 Go serve the States, thou'lt useful come.  
 And have the pay of every Drum,  
 Or trudge to *Mtrecht*, there out-run  
 Dame *Scuermons* score of tongues with one.  
 But pray be still, for I do swear.  
 No torment's like that of the ear,  
 O let me when I chance to die  
 In *Vulcan's* Anvil buried lie,  
 Rather than hear thy tongue once knell,  
 That Tom of Lincoln and bow-bell.



*The Second Part of the Scots Apostacy.*

**G**O helpless Virgins, teach some calmer  
To sing a *Pean* at a Marriage-feast, (breast  
Inspire some pewling Lover, or with some  
Sad friend weep forth an *Epicedium*.

To these you may be welcome, but God wot,  
You have not gaul enough to name a *Scot*.

I must invoke the Furies to awake  
My rage, and impeach letter with a snake;  
Help, help good *Enyo*, thou who dost delight  
In blood and slaughter, fill my veins with spite,  
Prompt thou my dull invention, and disperse  
Some Potent venom through my Basilick-verse,  
That so my breath may blast them, & each word  
Do execution like the Halls-man's sword.  
Were my tongue forked, and dipped like my mind,  
In poison, though I left the sting behind,  
*Scots*, you should feel it, you my scorpion rhimes  
Should reach, though justice cannot reach your  
crimes.

How my flesh trembles! oh you cursed brood  
Of *Cain* and *Judas*, fatted with the blood  
Of innocents, how long will heaven permit  
Your devillish art, or you to practice it?  
Sleeps the eternal Justice, or forbears  
Onely for want of Executioners?  
'Tis so you have escap'd, because no curse  
Can be so great, but you deserv ea worse.

Your sins have sav'd you, pray you take them home  
 'Tis more than innocence could do by some ;  
 Yet you have got a strange prerogative,  
 That which condemns you, makes you now alive;  
 And though belike the Hang-man he can draw  
 No blood, but what is forfeited by Law,  
 Yet 'tis no humble honour that you deign  
 Observant of these *Partians* discipline,  
 Who dare affirm that *Scots* did never yet,  
 Before their thievery, did earn their meat :  
 Thus hopefully brought up, at length you got  
 A way how to out-go the Powder-plot ;  
 For had that practice undiscover'd stood,  
 Some bad had likewise perisht with the good :  
 But you, right Imps of Satan, onely bent  
 Your malice to betray the innocent,  
 Making the Jews your pattern, letting pass  
 Sentence on Christ, and sparing *Barrabas*.  
 Nor could the meaner rank of men suffice  
 Your treachery, thence profit none could rise ;  
 For what you had you'd seem to have forgot  
 The devilish Maxims of *Iscaiot*,  
 The grand professor of your doctrine, you,  
 As he sold his, have sold your Master too.  
 May be you thought like *Josephs* brethren, thus  
 By selling him to make him glorious :  
 Hell take your craft, 'twas *Judas* taught you this,  
 How to betray your Master with a Kiss :  
 This is a sin could not be pattern'd by  
 The worst examples of fell Tyranny.

When

When as incens'd *Cataline*, whose breath  
 Breathed it, prescrib'd the City naught but death.  
 When in his proud conceit *Rome* seem'd to burn,  
 And did all really drop into his Urn.  
 The raviſht Virgins ſlain, beaſtly deſire  
 Was quencht with blood, to quench that Goddeſs  
 fire ;

Yet her impious thoughts did not prevail  
 So far, to ſet the Senators to ſale.  
 I muſt commend your plain fore-fathers way,  
 Who weary of their Prince did onely ſlay  
 His perſon, and then ſtraight did chuſe a new,  
 They never murder'd the Title too ;  
 Yet were they counted Traitors in thoſe times,  
 But oh ! what diſproportions in your crimes ?  
 Their hate was finite dying in his fall,  
 They kill'd ; yours infinite, and ſtrikes at all :  
 Not only endangering your Princes health,  
 But even murder'ing Maſteſty it ſelf.  
 They oft gave money to be rid of one,  
 But you take money, that you might have none ;  
 And yet Religion muſt become the vail  
 To cover your Enormities withal,  
 When truth can witneſs that you never knew  
 More of Religion than the name comes too.  
 Oh monſtrous times ! more monſtrous men, who  
 force

Heavens faireſt child to be ſins ſtalking-horſe !  
 Could not the ſacred name of *King* reſtrain  
 Your avarice from ſuch impious gain ?

No, were the name of so much worth to you,  
 The name had been made mercenary too;  
 For to such bold attempters as dare frame  
 A senseless Idol of the saying name  
 Of *Jesus*: 'twere an easie thing  
 To make a Tyrant of the name of King;  
 And so with the same colour *Brute* one sent  
 The very Title into banishment.  
 You bruits may do the like, and make a room  
 At least of this, though nothing else at home.  
 A cruel, faithless Nation, never true,  
 But to your selves, I should think Cowards too,  
 But that I see you dare in fresh deeds sport  
 After this Crime, and fear no vengeance for't.

---

*The Definition of a Protector.*

**W**Hat's a Protector? He's a stately thing,  
 That Apes it in the non-age of a King.  
 A Tragick Actor, *Cæsar* in a Clown,  
 He's a brass Farthing stamped with a Crown.  
 A Bladder blown with others breath puffed full,  
 Not the *Perillus*, but *Perillus* Bull.  
*Æsop's* proud Ass vail'd in the Lions skin,  
 An outward Saint lin'd with a devil within.  
 An Eccho whence the Royal sound doth come,  
 But just as a Barrel-head, sounds like a drum.  
 Fantastick image of the Royal Head,  
 The Brewers, with the Kings Arms, quartered:  
 He is a counterfeited Piece, that shows  
*Char's* his Effigies with a Copper Nose.

In fine, he's one we must Protector call,  
From whom the King of kings protect us all:

{ PROTECTOR. } O Portet C. R.  
{ Anagram. }

*Upon the new Invention of Flying with Chymical  
Magick, with a Description of his Castle of com-  
fort.*

**T**ELL us no more of *Icarus*,  
Of *Hyppogryph*, or *Pegasus*,  
Or of *Menippus* journeyings  
With Eagles, and with Vultures wings,  
Nor of the *Ganza's*, which did soon  
Transport *Don Diego* to the Moon.  
These are inventions old and stale,  
The dull effects of muddy Ale;  
For we have got a newer trick, Sir,  
Which far out-does the fam'd *Elixir*.  
Give us a man in bulk as vaste,  
Asth' Tun at *Heidelberg* 'th' waste,  
Or greater if it well may be  
Than *Garagantu's* two or three,  
We'l so calcine him, that he shall  
Even become Aerial.  
Give us an Hostess fat and dull,  
With Guts at least a Dung-cart full,  
Whose Corps appears in outward snow,  
Just like a lump of leaven'd Dough,

We

We can by Spirits, and by Art  
 Evaporate her carnal part.  
 And make her mount the Welkin blew,  
 A way that never any knew.

About the middle of *Long-Aker*,  
 (If I be not a great mistaker)  
 A noble high built Castle stands,  
 Which far and near the Coast commands :  
 A Lion Couchant guards the door,  
 Which though he gapes, yet doth not roar,  
 And though his teeth may chance to fright you,  
 Yet you may enter he'l not bite you.  
 Here, here springs that Celestial Fount,  
 Which makes both souls and bodies mount.  
 The great Commander of this Fort,  
 Tells you in earnest, not in sport.  
 That heretofore his total weight  
 Was full three hundred sans deceit,  
 But since he in this place did fix,  
 'Tis but two hundred thirty six,  
 Quickly he could put off this load,  
 But finding yet that his abroad  
 Unto the world is necessary,  
 He is content a while to tarry.  
 But when dull mortals shall begin,  
 By their ingratitude and sin  
 To fright him hence, then in a trice  
 He'l fly away by this device.  
 Have you not seen i'th' moneth of *May*,  
 An egg by force of *Phœbus* ray

Drawn

Drawn from the earth, fill'd with a few  
Collected drops of morning-dew?  
Can Dew do this and shall not we  
Believe more volarility  
To be in Spirit sublimate?  
Yes that we will, in spite of fate.  
Besides, the stones which *Mongibel*  
Disgorges from the mouth of hell,  
Are so calcin'd, that at their fall,  
They'l not in water sink at all.  
Can *Ætna's* flames do thus to stones?  
And do we think that flesh and bones  
May not by a more subtile fire,  
Be raised to perfection higher?  
If bodies all compos'd be  
Of Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury,  
Easie it is by Chymick skill  
To make the fix'd Salt volatil;  
Which being done, for company  
The other will together flye.  
This is the way, and only this,  
Who ever hits it, cannot miss.

Come then ingenious souls that may  
By this discovery. find a way  
To seek new worlds above the sphears,  
And pull *Endimion* by the ears.  
Let *France* and *Spain* enjoy their Wine,  
We have a Liquor more divine,  
Which by the learneds approbation  
Is call'd *A Cup of Consolation.*

This

This, this will make you mount the skies,  
 Like nimble winged *Mercuries*;  
 For who the operation feels  
 Of this, hath wings in's head and heels.

*The Coachman of S. James's*

**T**<sup>h</sup>e whip again? Away, 'tis too absurd,  
 That thou shouldst lash with *whip-cord* now,  
 but *sword*.

I'm pleas'd to fancy how the glad Compact  
 Of *Hackney-Coachmen* sneer at the last *Act*.  
 Hark how the scoffing concourse hence derives  
 The *Proverb*, *Needs must go when sh' devil drives*.  
 Yonder a *Whipster* cries, 'tis a plain case,  
 He turn'd us out, to put himself i'th' place;  
 But *God-a-mercy* *boxes* once, for ye  
 Stood to't, and turn'd him out, as well as we  
 Another, not behinde them with his mocks,  
 Cries out, *Sir, faith you were in the wrong box*,  
 He did presume to rule, because forsooth  
 Ha's been a *Horse Commander* from his youth;  
 But he must know there's difference in the rains  
 Of horses fed with oats, and fed with *grains*  
 I wonder at his frolick, for be sure  
 Four pamper'd *Coach-horses* can *sling* a *Brewer*;  
 But *pride* wil have a fall, such the worlds course is,  
 He that can rule three Realms, can't guide four  
 Horses.

See him that trampled thousands in their gore,  
 Dismounted by a *party*, but of *four*.

But



# P O E M S.



But we have done with't, and we may him call,  
In's driving *Jehu*, *Phaeton* in's fall :  
I would to *God* for these three *Kingdoms* sake,  
His neck, and not the *whip* had given the crack.

## On Black Eyes.

**I**N faith, 'tis true, I am in love,  
'Tis your black eyes have made me so,  
My resolutions they remove,  
And former niceness overthrow.

2. Those glowing char-coals set on fire  
A heart, that former flames did shun,  
Who as *Heretick* unto desire  
Now's judg'd to suffer *Martyrdom*.

3. But beauty, since it is thy fate,  
At distance thus to wound so sure,  
Thy vertues I will imitate,  
And see if distance prove a cure.

4. Then farewell *Mistress*, farewell love,  
Those lately entertain'd desires,  
Wise men can from that plague remove ;  
Farewel black eyes, and farewell fires.

5. If ever I my heart acquit  
Of those dull flames, I'll bid a *Pox*  
On all black eyes, and swear they'r fit  
For nothing but a *Tinder-box*.

In Nuptias principis Auranchii & D. Mariæ  
filix Regis Angliæ.

**F**ama Refert nostris terras hâsisse batânas;  
atque novum quondam gentibus esse solus;

Occurrunt

Oceanumque, duas qui nunc interluit oras,  
 Fluxibus haud semper dissecuisse suis.  
 Migrat in historiam fuerat quæ fabula, tædis,  
 Oceanusque tuo jam tandem pulsus amore est;  
 Et cedunt flammis, portus & unda tuis;  
 Dùm populus populi procius est, passusque sagittas  
 Nubentis simili principis igne calet,  
 Et tua dum nostras sociant sponsalia dextras;  
 Connubii tandem sœdera nomen habent.  
 Non sponsam, Fator, paribus natalibus æquas,  
 Nec similes thalamos fers similesve thoras;  
 Nec te tam magnis jactas & Regibus ortum,  
 Nec stirpem decorant Regna ter-ampla tuam:  
 Haud tamen accedis minor; est pro sanguine virtus,  
 Quodque illi Felix, dat tibi sorte genus.  
 Par Sceptri Patris Gladius, tibi stemmate bellis  
 Auxit, & antiquis Regibus æqua dedit.  
 Par tua Regali victrix domus, hinc quoque nobis  
 Majorum factis Imperialis ades.  
 Et licet in dotem sponsæ non porrigis Indos,  
 Sed plures conjux ferret Iberus opes;  
 Gallus & in thalamos Rueret magis aureus, & se  
 Ex arcâ vincat Natio multa sua:  
 Tu tamen in dotem patris clara arma ministrans  
 Ferrato in Gremium ditior Imbre tuis;  
 Amplior & foret Indis, ad ferre triumphos,  
 Et par possessore vides Iberus adest.  
 Cujus ad Ereptum, plus est quod nasceris, Aurum,  
 Quam natum; Gemina est India capta, tua,  
 Fersque polo coëctum, dives sub utroque metallum;  
 Et cadit in fiscum sol, oriturque, tuum;  
 Dùm toties tibi vincta: opes Hispania vinctas;  
 Cedit & in census annuus præda tuos.  
 Nasceris, & puerum gens spoliare timet,  
 Etatique metus nutrit, versatque coëvos;  
 Atque annis fingit damna futura tuis.  
 Anticipatque tuos, Infantia lata, triumphos,

*Dum tenero fortis Spirat in ore Pater.  
 Qui sua bella, tuo cernet, sed mollia, vultu ;  
 Misceturque tuis Marte Cupido genis.  
 Hic gemina oppositis vibrantur vulnera telis,  
 Currit ad hæc conjux, hostis & illa fugit.*

*Upon the Marriage of the young Prince of Orange  
 with the Lady Mary.*

**V**VE are no longer Island, speedily (be  
 Cement these hands, Priest, these our Isthmus  
 Nor does the Sea divide us, but's become  
 Our Wedding Ring, Type of our Union.  
 Yet wedding's a too private stile, for this  
 Not a plain mortal Match, but a League is ;  
 A League that shall incorporate these two  
 Nations, and that third which shall spring from you,  
 Make haste then, and prevent your years, we all  
 Long till we may the Belgian, Cousin call.  
 While thus you couple young, you seem to be  
 E'pous'd, not by consent, but sympathy.  
 And like the Vine and Elme secure from strife,  
 Embrace as born, not as made man and wife.  
 And you may like the Vine too multiply,  
 That he, who shall summe up your Progeny  
 May be perswaded that you did bring forth  
 Not twins, but clusters ; while their Native worth  
 Antedates, breeding, and your issues are  
 Each Babe a sucking Heroe, Infant Star :  
 But why do I these needless fancies vent ?  
 Your Marriage is an Act of Parliament.  
 The State's your Priest : your people too, who see  
 You voted thus, thus sign'd, think you to be  
 Not wedded but enacted, and do since  
 Acknowledge you are now both Law and Prince:

*Another upon the same.*

**T**Is vain to wish them joyes ; nor is it meet  
 Verses should pray, changing to knees their  
 This were the cry, God help you, to a Saint, (feet,  
 Can fulness fail, or glorious bodies faint ?  
 Votes are for meaner wed-locks, where there is  
 Some doubt or Hazzard of a lasting blis ;  
 But now such labour's equally unwise,  
 As is the Priest's, that prays for's Deities ;  
 Blessings are proper to this Union,  
 As heat to fire, or light is to the Sun ;  
 Nor is't a wonder, for the Prince did wooe  
 Not Birth, Age, Beauty, but Religion too :  
 Here faith and reason courts, this match doth  
 Wisdom in Youth, and Policy in Love, (prove  
 Some Bridegrooms ( like the days ) all Nations  
 And cheapen every toy before they buy. (try  
 When one is onely worthy, and worth all  
 Those that were rivals for the golden ball,  
 He could not look on more, without offence,  
 A thirst of choice had thwarted providence.  
 The Theban hearth could not divide these flames  
 Which burnt through all the Seas, 'twixt *Rhine*  
     and *Thames*. (hand,  
 Nor were their hearts link'd by the painters  
 Or Legates voice, such bonds are ropes of sand ;  
 They their own counsel, happier steps have trod,  
 Who not salute the Image, but the God,  
 Should he have had a speaker, who (tho young)  
 Carries an ord'ed Babel in his tongue ?

Or

Or should her beauty in faint colours lie,  
When there's no Tablet worthy but his eye?  
This Sun and Moon may safely joyn their lips,  
Who by their nearness banish all Eclipse.  
Their flames & flow'rs (stoln kisses like) do make  
Equal amends, and at once give and take.  
Here are such emulous beauties, that some do  
Think them united in one body too,  
So that our eyes see double, as a face;  
Though single in the flesh, is two i'th' glass,  
And 't must be so, unlesse that's now confest,  
Which once was solœcism, that both are best,  
And each is all; which large perfections are  
Beyond our hopes and faiths, as well as prayer:  
Thus then, here's nothing wanting, yet we may,  
Although not for them, to them humbly pray.  
Grant then Illustrious Prince (for we do vow  
To know no Nuptial Deity but you)  
Grant us our boon, although your abler parts  
Make this a truer marriage of the Arts;  
Yet through your *Euclid* by, and onely look  
To th' propositions of your living book,  
And you'l conclude truth doth more clearly lie  
There, than i'th' maxims of Philosophy.  
Measure o're all her limbs, and you will see  
No such proportions in Geometry,  
Instead of heavens rude Globes, survey her eyes,  
There lurks no Snake, or Scorpion in those skies.  
You'l there find richer sphears, and blushing tell  
How in those points Angels, like you, do dwell.

Since she to day made you a number, try  
 Part of one Art alone to multiply.  
 Think of no Tacticks, but of those which are  
 Read in the martial'd orders of her hair.  
 Though you with victory have Armies led,  
 'Twas not so great a Triumph as to wed,  
 Such fetters will increase your liberty;  
 Count not these bonds amongst your Armory.  
 Thus prisons prove strong forts, and foes are slain  
 The second time, now by a captive chain.

And you (most gracious Lady, who alone  
 Are all the Goddesses we call upon)  
 Wear not too many Pearls, unless it be  
 Up on a day of sad Humility.  
 When you keep Masks, or celebrate a Feast,  
 If you'd be rich, or glorious, come undrest,  
 Gems do but hide sparks of a brighter hew,  
 Those that are Stars to some, are Clouds to you;  
 Think of no Jewel, but the Union  
 That which the Priest, not Ladies did put on,  
 And then you'll finde true lustre; eyes are dim,  
 And weary with the light, but not of him; (known  
 When you have made his Arms your seat, be't  
 'Tis to debase your self, to sit i'th' Throne.

---

*An Epitaph on Ben. Johnson.*

**T**He Muses fairest Light in no dark time,  
 The Wonder of a learned Age; the Line  
 Which none can pass, the most proportion'd wit  
 To Nature, the best Judge of what was fit:

The

The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen ;  
 The voice most Eccho'd by consenting men ;  
 The soul which answer'd best to all, well said  
 By others, and which most requital made,  
 Tun'd to the highest key of ancient *Rome*,  
 Returning all her Musick with his own :  
 In whom with Nature, Study claim'd a part,  
 Yet who unto himself ow'd all this Art :  
 Here lies *Ben. Johnson*, every Age will look  
 With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

*On one that was deprived of his Testicles.*

**T**HOU Neuter Gender ! whom a Gown  
 Can make a woman, Breeches none :  
 Created one thing, made another,  
 Not a Sister, scarce a Brother :  
 Jack of both sides, that may bear,  
 Or a distaff, or a spear,  
 If thy fortune thither call,  
 Be the Grand Signiors General,  
 Or if thou fancy not that Trade,  
 Turn th' Sultana's Chamber-maid ;  
 A Medal where grim *Mars* turn right,  
 Proves a smiling *Aphrodite* ;  
 How doth Nature quibble, either  
 He, or she, boy, girl, or neither.  
 Thou may' it serve great *Jove* instead  
 Of *Hebe* both and *Ganymed* :  
 A face both stern and milde, cheeks bare,  
 That still do onely promise hair,

Old *Cybele* the first in all  
 This humane predicamenta<sup>l</sup> scale,  
 Why should she chuse her Priests to be  
 Such Individuums as ye?  
 Such insecta's, added on  
 To creatures by subtraction,  
 In whom Nature claims no part,  
 Ye onely being words of Art.

---

*To his Mistress.*

**VV**Hat mystery is this? that I should find  
 My blood, in kissing you, to stay behind;  
 'Twas not for want of colour, that requir'd  
 My blood for paint: no *Dye* could be desir'd  
 On that fair cheek, where *Scarlet* were a spot,  
 And where the *Juyce* of *Lillies* but a blot:  
 If at the presence of a murtherer,  
 The wound will bleed, and tell the cause is there,  
 A touch will do much more; even so my heart,  
 When secretly it felt your killing dart, (plain,  
 Shewed it in blood, which yet doth more com-  
 Because it cannot be so rought again,  
 This wounded heart, to shew its love most true,  
 Sent forth a drop, and wrote its mind to you:  
 Was ever paper half so white as this?  
 Or wax so yielding to the printed kiss?  
 Or seal so strong? no letter e're was writ,  
 That could the Authors mind so truly fit:  
 For though my self to forreign Countreyes flie,  
 My blood desires to keep you company;

Here



Here I could spill it all, thus I can free  
 My enemy from blood, though slain I be ;  
 But slain I cannot be, nor meet with ill,  
 Since, but to you, I have no blood to spill.

*The Puritan,*

**VV**ith face and fashion to be known,  
 For one of sure election,  
 With eyes all white, and many a grone,  
 With neck aside to draw in tone,  
 With harp in's nose, or he is none.

See a new Teacher of the town,

O the town, O the towns new Teacher.

With pate cut shorter than the brow,  
 With little ruff starch'd you know how,  
 With cloak like *Paul* no cape I trow,  
 VVith Surplice none ; but lately now,  
 VVith hands to thump, no knees to bow.

See a new Teacher, &c.

VVith coz'ning cough, and hollow cheek,  
 To get new gatherings every week,  
 VVith paltery change of *and* to *eke*,  
 VVith some small Hebrew, and no Greek,  
 To find out words, when stuff's to seek.

See a new Teacher, &c.

VVith shop-board breeding, and intrusion,  
 VVith some Outlandish Institution,  
 VVith *Ursin's* Catechism to muse on,  
 VVith *Systems* method for confusion,  
 VVith grounds strong laid of meer illusion.

See a new Teacher, &c.

VVith

With Rites indifferent all damned,  
And made unlawful, if commanded,  
Good works of Popery down banded.  
And Moral Laws from him estranged,  
Except the Sabbath still unchanged.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With speech unthought, quick revelation,  
With boldness in predestination,  
With threats of absolute damnation,  
For *Yea* and *Nay* hath some salvation,  
For his own Tribe, not every Nation.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With after license cost a crown,  
When Bishop new had put him down,  
With tricks call'd repetition,  
And doctrine newly brought to town,  
Of teaching men to hang and drown

See a new Teacher, &c.

With flesh-provision to keep *Lent*,  
With shelves of Sweet-meats often spent,  
Which new Maid bought, old Lady sent,  
Though to be sav'd a poor present ;  
Yet Legacies assure the event.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With Troops expecting him at th' door,  
That would hear Sermons, and no more ;  
With noting tools, and sighs great store,  
With Bibles great to turn them o're,  
While he wrests places by the score.

See a new Teacher, &c.

With

With running Text, the nam'd forsaken,  
 With *For* and *But*, both by sense shaken,  
 Cheap doctrines forc'd, wild uses taken,  
 Both sometimes one, by mark mistaken,  
 With any thing to any shapen,

See a new Teacher, &c.

With new wrought Caps, against the Canon,  
 For taking cold, though sure he have none;  
 A sermons end, where he began one,  
 A new hour long, when's glass had run one,  
 New Use, new Points, new Notes to stand on.

See a new Teacher, &c.

*The Flight.*

My *Lelia* stay,

And run not thus like a young Roe away,

No enemy

Pursues thee (foolish Girl) 'tis onely I,

I'll keep off harms,

If thou'lt be pleas'd to garrison mine arms;

What, dost thou fear

I'll turn a Traitor? may these Roses here

To paleness shread,

And Lilies stand disguized in new red.

If that I lay

A snare, wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay;

See, see the sun

Does slowly to his Azure Lodging run,

Come, sit but here,

And presently he'll quit our Hemisphere;

So still, among  
 Lovers, time is too short, or else too long ;  
 Here will we spin  
 Legends for them that have Loves martyrs bin ;  
 Here on this plain,  
 We'll talk *Narcissus* to a flower again :  
 Come here, and chose  
 On which of these proud plats thou wouldst re-  
 Here may'st thou shame (pose.  
 The rusty Violets with the crimson flame  
 Of either cheek,  
 And Primroses, white as thy fingers seek,  
 Nay, thou may'st prove,  
 That mans most noble passion is to love.

*To a Lady that wrought a Story of the  
 Bible in Needle-work.* (then

**C**ould we judge here, most vertuous madam,  
 Your needle might receive praise from our  
 But this our want bereaves it of that part, (pen  
 Whil't to admire, and thank is all our art,  
 The work deserves a shrine : I should rehearse  
 Its glory in a story not in verse,  
 Colours are mixed so subt'ly, that thereby  
 The strength of Art doth take and cheat the eye,  
 At once a thousand we can gaze upon,  
 But are deceiv'd by their transition,  
 What touches is the same, beam takes from beam  
 The next still like, yet diff'ring in the extream,  
 Here runs this tract, whither we see that tends,  
 But cannot say, Here this, or there that ends ;

Thus,

Thus, while they creep insensibly we doubt,  
Whether the one pow'rs not the other out.  
Faces so quick and lively, that we may  
Fear, if we turn our backs, they'll steal away  
Postures of grief so true, that we may swear  
Your artful finger have wrought passion there :  
View we the Manger and the Babe, we thence  
Believe the very Threds have innocence ;  
Then on the Cross, such love, such grief we find,  
As 'twere the Transcript of our Saviours mind,  
Each parcel so expressive, each so fit, (writ :  
That the whole seems not so much wrought as  
'Tis sacred Text all, we may quote, and thence,  
Extract what may be pass'd in our defence;  
Blest mother of the Church, be in the list  
Reason'd with four, a She-Evangelist,  
Nor can the stile be prophanation, when  
The Needle may convert more than the Pen,  
When faith may come by seeing, and each leaf,  
Rightly perus'd, prove Gospel to the deaf :  
Had not that *Helen* haply found the Cross,  
By this your work you had repair'd that loss.  
Tell me not of *Penelope*, we do  
See a web here more chaste and sacred too.  
Where are ye now, O women, ye that sow  
Temptations, lab'ring to express the bow  
Of the blind Archer ? ye that rarely set  
To please your Loves, a *Venus* in a net ?  
Turn your skill hither, then we shall, no doubt,  
See the Kings daughter glorious too without ;  
Women

Women sow'd onely fig-leaves hitherto;  
*Eves* nakedness is onely cloath'd by you.

*To the King.*

**T**He Prince hath now an equal, and may see  
 A fellow to his sports, as great as he:  
 Nor need he lessen birth, or fall from state,  
 Or be depos'd to an Associate;  
 Or else to fit companions to his play,  
 Need lay your Scepter or your Crown away.  
 And now you may behold Sir, by your side;  
 Your Royal self grown more, and multipli'd,  
 And those past years, before & since your reign,  
 May in your Children see liv'd o're again;  
 Who are your Emblems; and though none be  
 From fate, yet you in them immortal be; (free  
 And whil't we may preserve you living thus,  
 When e're you die, you not depart from us;  
 Your sons will keep most of you from the grave,  
 So, though we change, we no new King shal have.  
 You onely will be varied; as a grain  
 Lost in a Harvest, more returns again.  
 And though perchance we cannot say like those,  
 Who are Heirs to their fathers eyes or nose,  
 Report his look, and are so justly fac't  
 Like him, as if they were not born but cast,  
 That all these signs we in the Princes finde,  
 Yet sure, there is more likeness in their minde,  
 Which you conveyed them through their mother,  
 Even thus did travel with your vertues too, (who  
 Which

Which to descend to our dull sense and earth,  
 Comes to us in their shapes, and suffer birth.  
 And be your off-spring, who when Chronicle  
 Is all we have, and Annals onely tell  
 Your deeds and actions, and when men shall look  
 And see the Prince and Duke do all the book,  
 And live your Royal story, and that all  
 Which you did well, was but propheticall,  
 Will not be thought as your posterity,  
 But you in them will your Successor be.

---

*To the Queen, upon the Birth of her  
 first Daughter.*

**A**fter the Princes birth, admired Queen,  
 Had you prov'd barren, you had fruitfull  
 And in one Heir born to his fathers place (bin;  
 And royal minde, had brought us forth a race;  
 But we, who thought we wisht enough to see  
 A Prince of *Wales*, have now a progeny;  
 And you being perfect now, have learnt the way  
 To be with Childe as oft as we can pray.  
 So that henceforth, we need no altars vex  
 With empty vows, being heard in either Sex:  
 Nor have we all our Kingdoms incense try'd  
 So many years onely to be deny'd.  
 We no desires but thankful off'rings bring,  
 That bearing many, you prefer the King,  
 And to us yet have but one daughter shown;  
 Who else had been the Original alone.

W:hen

Without a Copy : for the shapes we see  
 In tables of you but bright errors be ;  
 Nor could we hope Art could beget an Heir  
 To that sweet form, unless your self did bear  
 Your Portraiture, and in a daughter shew,  
 That of your self, which yet no Painter drew,  
 Who with his subtle hand and wisest skill  
 Hath hitherto but striv'd to draw you ill ;  
 And when he takes his Pencil from your look,  
 Find's colours make you but a piece mistook,  
 And so paints treason, nor would have pretence  
 To scape, but that he limmes a fair pretence :  
 But in the Princess you are writ so plain  
 And true, that in her you were born again.  
 And when we see you both together plac'd,  
 You are your daughter, ouely grown in hast,  
 In both we may the self-same graces see,  
 But that they yet in her but Infant be,  
 Not woman beauties, nor will we despair  
 The Prince and Duke of *York* have equal share  
 In your perfections, which, though they divide,  
 Make them both Prince enough by th' mothers  
 Whose composition is so clear and good, (tide:  
 That we can see discourses in your blood,  
 And understand your body, so refin'd,  
 That of you might be born a soul or mind.  
 O may you still be fruitful, and begin  
 Henceforth to make our year by lying in.  
 May we have store of Princes, and they live  
 Till Heraulds doubt what titles they should give.  
To



To this, may you be young still, and no other  
Signs of more age found in you, but a Mother.

---

*Upon one that Preacht in a Cloak,*

Saw you the Cloak at Church to day,  
The long worn short Cloak lin'd with Say ?  
What had the man no Gown to wear ?  
Or was this sent him from the Mayor ?  
Or is't the Cloak which *Nixon* brought  
To trim the Tub, where *Golledge* taught ?  
Or can this best conceal his lips,  
And shew Communion-sitting hips ?  
Or was the Cloak *St. Pauls* ? if so,  
With it he found the Parchments too ;  
Yes, verily, for he hath been  
With mine Host *Gains*, at the new Inne ;  
A Gown (God bless us) trails o'th floor,  
Like th' Petticoat o'th' Scarlet Whore,  
Whose large stiff plates, he dare confide,  
Are ribs from Antichrists own side :  
A mourning cope if it look to th' East,  
Is the black Surplice of the Beast.

---

*A Song of S A C K.*

Come let us drink away the time,  
A *Pox* upon this pelting rime,  
When *Wine* runs high, wit's in the prime :  
Drink and stout Drinkers, are true joyes  
Odde *Sonnets* and such little toyes  
Are exercises fit for Boyes.

The

2. The whining Lover that doth place  
 His fancy on a painted face,  
 And wastes his substance in the chase  
 Would ne're in melancholly pine;  
 Had he affections so divine,  
 As once to fall in love with *Wine*.

3. Then to our Liquor let us sit,  
*Wine* makes the soul for action fit,  
 Who drinks most *Wine*, hath the most wit:  
 The *Gods* themselves do Revels keep,  
 And in pure *Nectar* tipples deep,  
 When slothful mortals are asleep.

4. They fuddled me for recreation,  
 In water, which by all relation  
 Did cause *Dencalions* Inundation;  
 The *Spangle Globe* had it almost,  
 Their Cups were with saltwater do't,  
 The Sun-burnt Center was the Tost.

5. The *Gods* then let us imitate,  
 Secure from carping Care and Fate  
*Wine*, Wit, and Courage doth create:  
 In wine *Apollo* alwayes chose  
 His darkest *Oracles* to disclose,  
 'Twas *Wine* gave him his Ruby-nose.

6. Who dare's not drink's a wretched wight,  
 Nor do I think that man dares fight  
 All day, that dares not drink all night:  
 Come fill my cup untill it swim  
 With foam, that overlooks the brim.  
 Who drinks the deepest? *Here's to him*.

7. So

7. Sobriety and Study breeds  
 Suspicion in our Acts and Deeds,  
 The down-right Drunkard no man heeds:  
 Give me but Sack, Tobacco store,  
 A drunken friend, a little whore;  
 Provide me these, I'll ask no more.

---

*A Time-Sonnet.*

NOW that our holy wars are done  
 Between the Father and the Son;  
 And since we have by righteous fate,  
 Distrest a Monarch and his Mate,  
 And forc'd their Heirs flee into France,  
 To weep out their Inheritance.

Let's set open all our packs,  
 That contain ten thousand racks,  
 Cast on the shore of the red sea  
 Of Naseby and of Newberry.

If then you will come provided with Gold,  
 We dwell close by Hell, Where we'll sell  
 What you will, That is ill  
 For Charity waxeth cold.

Ha! Hast thou done murder, or blood spilt;  
 We can soon get another name,  
 That will keep thee from all blame;  
 But be it still provided thus,  
 That thou hast once been one of us;  
 Gold is the God that shall pardon the guilt;

For we have  
 What shall save  
 Thee from th' grave;  
 Since the Law  
 We can awe,

Although a famous Princes blood were spilt.

3. If a Church thou hast bereft  
Of its Plate, 'tis *Holy Theft*.  
Or for Zeal sake, if thou bee'st  
Prompted on to be a *Thief*.  
Gold is a sure prevailing Advocate :  
Then come, Bring a Sum, *Law* is dumb,  
And submits to our wits ;  
For it's Policy guides a State.

---

*The Parliament*

**M**ost Gracious and Omnipotent,  
And Everlasting *Parliament*,  
Whose power and Majesty  
Is greater, than all *Kings* by odds ;  
And to account you less than *Gods*,  
Must needs be *Blasphemy*,

2. *Moses* and *Aaron* tie'r did do  
More wonders, then are wrought by you  
For *Englands Israel* ;  
But though the *Red-Sea* we have past,  
If you to *Canaan* bring's at last,  
Is't not a *Miracle* ?

3. In six years space you have done more  
Than all the *Parliaments* before ;  
You have quite done the work.  
The *King*, the *Cavalier*, and *Pope*,  
You have o'rethrown, and next we hope  
You will confound the *Turk*,

4. By you we have Deliverance,  
From the Design of *Spain* and *France*,  
*Ormond*, *Monros*, the *Danes* ;

You

You aided by our *Brethren Scots*,  
 Defeated have *Malignant Plots*,  
 And brought your sword to *Cain's*.

5. What wholesome *Laws* have you ordain'd ?  
 Whereby our Property's maintain'd  
 'Gainst those would us undo ;  
 So that our *Fortunes* and our *Lives*,  
 Nay, what is dearer, our own *Wives*,  
 Are wholly kept by you.

6. Oh ! what a flourishing *Church* and *State*  
 Have we enjoy'd e're since you sate  
 With a glorious King (*God save him*)  
 Have you now made his *Majesty*,  
 Had he the grace but to comply,  
 And do as you would have him ?

7. Your *Directory* how to pray  
 By th' *Spirit*, shews the perfect way.  
 In Zeal you have abolisht  
 The *Dagon* of the *Common-prayer*,  
 And next we see you will take care,  
 That *Churches* be demolisht.

8. A multitude in every Trade  
 Of painful Preachers you have made  
 Learned, by *Revelation* :  
*Cambridge* and *Oxf. rd* make poor Preachers,  
 Each *Shop* affordeth better Teachers,  
 O blessed *Reformation* !

9. Your Godly wisdom hath found out  
 The true Religion, without doubt ;  
 For sure among so many,

H

We

We have five hundred at the least,  
Is not the *Gospel* much increast?  
All must be pure, if any.

10. Could you have done more piously,  
Than sell *Church-Lands* the *King* to buy,  
And stop the *Cities* plenty?  
Paying the *Scots-Church Militant*,  
That the new *Gospel* helpt to plant,  
God knows they are poor *Saints*.

11. Because th' *Apostles Creed* is lame,  
Th' *Assembly* doth a better frame,  
Which saves us all with ease;  
Provided still we have the grace  
To believe th' *House* in the first place,  
Be our works what they please.

12. 'Tis strange your *Power* and *Holiness*  
Can't the *Irish devil* dispossess,  
His end is very stout;  
But though you do so often pray,  
And every moneth keep *Fasting-day*,  
You cannot cast them out.

---

*On the May Pole.*

**T**He mighty zeal which thou hast late put on,  
Neither by Prophet, nor by Prophets son  
As yet prevented, doth transport me so  
Beyond my self, that though I ne're could go  
Far in a verse, and have all Rimes defi'd,  
Since *Hopkins* and good *Thomas Sternhold* dy'd;  
Except

Except it were the little pains I took,  
To please good people in a prayer book :  
That I set forth, or so yet must I raise  
My spirits for thee, who shall in thy praise  
Gird up her loyns and furiously run  
All kind of feet, but Satans cloven one.  
Such is thy zeal, so well thou dost express it,  
That wer't not like a Charm I'd said, God blefs it.  
I needs must say it is a spiritual thing  
To rail against the Bishop and the King :  
But these are private quarrels, this doth fall  
Within the compass of the General ;  
Whether it be a pole painted, or wrought  
Far otherwise than from the wood'twas brought,  
Whose head the Idol-makers hand doth crop,  
Where a prophane bird trowing on the top,  
Looks like the Calf in *Horeb*, at whose root  
The unyoakt youth doth exercise his foot,  
Or whether it preserves its boughs befriended  
By neighbouring bushes, and by them attended.  
How canst thou chuse but seeing it, complain  
That *Baal's* worship'd in the groves again ?  
Tell me how curst an egging with a sting  
Of lust, do these unwily dances bring :  
The simple wretches say they mean no harm,  
They do'nt indeed, but yet these actions warm  
Our purer blood the more : for Satan thus  
Temptus the more that are more righteous,  
Oft hath a brother most sincerely gone  
Stifled with zeal and contemplation,

Where lighting on the place where such repair,  
 He views the Nymph, and is clean out in's prayer.  
 Oft hath a sister grounded in a truth,  
 Seeing the jolly carriage of the youth,  
 Been tempted to the way that's broad and bad,  
 And wer't not for our private pleasures, had  
 Renounc'd her little Ruff and goggle eye,  
 And quit her self of the fraternity.  
 What is the mirth, what is the melody  
 That sets them in this Gentiles vanity?  
 When in our Synagogues we rail at sin,  
 And tell men of the faults that they are in.  
 With hand and voice so following our Theams,  
 That we put out the Sides-men in their dreams,  
 Sounds not the Pulpit then which we belabor  
 Better, and holier than doth a Tabor?  
 Yet such is unregenerate mans folly,  
 He loves the wicked noise, and hates the holy;  
 If the sins sweet enticing, and the blood  
 Which now begins to boil, have thought it good  
 To challenge liberty and recreation;  
 Let it be done in holy contemplation,  
 Brother and Sister in the field may walk,  
 Beginning of the holy word to talk,  
 Of *David* and *Uriah's* lovely wife,  
 Of *Thamar* and her lustful brothers strife,  
 Then underneath the hedge that is the next,  
 They may sit down, and so act out the Text;  
 Nor do we want (how e're we live austere)  
 In Winter Sabbath nights some lusty chear,



And though the Pastors grace w<sup>ch</sup> oft doth hold  
Half an hour long, make the provision cold ;  
We can be merry, thinking nere the worse,  
To mend the matter at the second course :  
Chapters are read, and Hymnes are sweetly sung,  
Joyntly commanded by the nose and tongue ;  
Then on the word we diversly dilate,  
Wrangling indeed for heat of zeal, not hate,  
When at the length an unappeased doubt  
Fiercely comes in, and then the lights go out ;  
Darkness thus makes our peace, and we contain  
Our fiery spirits till we meet again :  
Till then no voice is heard, no tongue do's go,  
Unless a tender sister shreek, or so.  
Such should be our delights, grave and demure,  
Not so abominable and impure  
As those thou seek'st to hinder, but I fear  
Satan will be too strong, his Kingdom's there,  
Few are the righteous, nor do I know  
How this Idol here shall overthrow,  
Since our sincerest Patron is deceast,  
The number of the righteous is decreast ;  
But we do hope these times will on, and breed  
A faction mighty for us, for indeed  
We labour all, and every sister joyns  
To have regenerate babes spring from our loyns.  
Besides, what many carefully have done,  
To get the unrighteous man a righteous son.  
Then stoutly on, let not thy flocks range lewdly,  
In their old vanities, thou Lamp of Beauty ;

One thing I pray thee, do not so much thirst  
 After Idolatries last fall, but first  
 Follow thy suit more close, let it not go,  
 Till it be thine as thou wouldst have't, for so  
 Thy successors upon the same entale,  
 Hereafter may take up the Whitsun-Ale.

*To the Queen.*

*Most gracious Queen,*

**I**F Poets could be born as oft as you, (new,  
 Bring Princes forth, something might then be  
 Th' Alembicks of the womb and brain run cross  
*Elixir's* they're more common than our dross.  
 Your fair and beautiful soil pure Manna breeds,  
 When our dull mud is barren too in weeds,  
 Though then you here find nothing fresh but  
 names,  
 This verse being writ for *Charles* & that for *James*.  
 Yet may they now (like sacred Reliques) be  
 Lov'd and embrac'd for their Antiquity,  
 Your former teeming taught the costive earth,  
 And barren wives the fashion of a birth;  
 But now (as if your wise fertility,  
 An Extract were of all State-policy)  
 You give example unto men, and teach,  
 Loyalty more than our Divines can reach.  
 You that do practise base exactions, and  
 Rail at the needful taxes of our Land,  
 Thinking your money better spent upon  
 A coach, a feast, or some new fashion,

Of devout Rebels, the Non-ships which be  
 Walls that imprison us to liberty,  
 Like those Athenian Grandees, who to see  
 The costly madness of one Tragedy, (known,  
 Could scatter large supplies, although 'twas  
 This want made them spectators of their own.  
 Learn homage now from Majesty, the Queen  
 Her self hath here the best of Subjects been ;  
 She payes large tribute, that it may appear,  
 Safety, like Heaven, is never bought too dear.  
 I've read of Roman Matrons, who did drown  
 Their richest Jewels, to preserve their town ;  
 Stopping the gulf with pearls, which grac'd their  
 ears,

They rather chuse no ornaments than fears.  
 And those brave Dames of *Carthage* were content  
 To shave their dangling tresses, which they lent  
 For cordage then, and glori'd they could see  
 What once was Pride, turn'd now to Subsidie :  
 Baldness was beauty there, nor did they care  
 So they could bend their bows, to lose their hair.  
 But you (great Queen) contrive your Countreys  
 good, (blood  
 Not from your locks expence, but from your  
 Each parcel of the Duke, bright as his eyes,  
 Proves you give jewels of a wealthier prize:  
 Who, for a general safety, wish to be  
 Blest with the pangs of your high agony,  
 Whilst the dull lees of man scarce deign to give  
 Poor common service, that themselves may live.

*Upon Tom of Christ-Church,*

**T**Hou that by ruine do'st repair,  
 And by destruction art a founder :  
 Whose Art doth tell us what men are,  
 Who by corruption shall rise sounder :  
 In this fierce fires intensive heat,  
 Remember this is *Tom the Great*,  
 And *Cyclops* think at every stroke,  
 Which with thy sledge his side shall wound,  
 That then some statute thou hast broke,  
 Which long depended on his sound ;  
 And that our Colledge-gates did cry,  
 They were not shut since *Tom* did die.  
 Think what a scourge 'tis to the City,  
 To drink and swear by *Carfax* Bell,  
 Which bellowing without tune, or pity,  
 The nights and dayes divides not well ;  
 But the poor Tradesman must give o're  
 His Ale at eight, or sit till four.  
 We in all haste drink off our Wine,  
 As if we never should drink more :  
 So that the Reck'ning after nine  
 Is larger now than that before.

Release this tongue, which e'rst could say,  
 Home Scholars ; Drawer, what's to pay ;  
 So thou of order shalt be Founder,  
 Making a Ruler for the people,  
 One that shalt ring thy praises wonder,  
 Than th'other six Bells in the steeple :

Where-

Wherefore think, when *Tom* is running,  
 Our manners wait upon thy cunning.  
 Then let him raised be from ground,  
 The same in number, weight, and sound,  
 So may thy conscience rule thy gain,  
 Or would thy theft might be thy bane.

---

*On a Burning-glass.*

Strange Chymistry! can dust and sand produce  
 So pure a body, and diaphanous?  
 Strange kind of courtship! that the amorous Sun,  
 T' embrace a min'ral, twists his rays in one;  
 Talk of the Heavens mockt, by a Sphere, alas,  
 The Sun it self's here in a piece of glass:  
 Let Magnets draw base Iron, this alone  
 Can to her icy bosom win the Sun;  
 Witches may cheat us of his light a while,  
 But this can him even of himself beguil:  
 In Heaven he staggers to both Tropicks, here  
 He keeps fixt residence all times o'th' year,  
 Here's a perpetual Solstice, here he lies,  
 Not on a bed of water, but of ice;  
 How well by this himself abridge, he might  
 Redeem the Scythians from their lingring night.  
 How well by this glass Proxey might he roul  
 Beyond the Eccliptick, and warm either Pole;  
 Had but *Promethews* been so wise, h' had ne're  
 Scal'd heaven to light his torch, but lighted here.  
 Had *Archimedes* once but known this use,  
 H' had burnt *Marcellus* from proud Syracuse;  
 Had

Had *Vesta's* Maids of honour this but seen,  
 Their Ladies fire had ne're extinguisht been :  
 Hells Engines might have finisht their design  
 Of powder (but that Heaven did countermine)  
 Had they but thought of this ; th' Egyptians may  
 Well hatch their eggs without the midwife clay ;  
 Why do not puling Lovers this devise,  
 For a fit Emblem of their mistresses eyes ?  
 They call them Diamonds, and say th' have been  
 Reduc'd, by them, to ashes all within ;  
 But they'l assume't, and ever hence 'twill pass,  
 A Mistress eye is but Loves Barning-glass.

---

*Upon Sher. ff Sandbourn.*

**F**ie, Scholars, fie, have you such thirsty souls,  
 To swell, quaff & carouse in *Sandbourns* bowls?  
 Tell me, mad youngsters, what do you believe,  
 It cost good *Sandbourn* nothing to be Shrief,  
 To spend so many Beeves, so many Weathers,  
 Maintaining so many Caps, so many Feathers?  
 Again, is Mault so cheap this pinching year,  
 That you should make such havock of his Beer?  
 I hear you are so many, that you make  
 Most of his men turn Tapsters, for your sake ;  
 And that when he, even on the Bench doth sit,  
 You snatch the meat from off the hungry spit ;  
 You keep such hurly-burly, that it passes,  
 Ingurgitating sometimes whole half glasses,  
 And some of you (forsooth) are grown so fine,  
 Or else so sawcy, as to call for Wine ;

As if the Sheriff had put such men in trust,  
As durst draw out more wine than needs they  
must :

In faith, in faith, it is not well, my Masters,  
Nor fit, that you should be the Sheriffs tasters ;  
It were enough, you being such Gurmundisers,  
To make the Sheriffs, henceforth, turn arrant  
Misers ;

Remove th' Afs'ze, to *Oxford's* foul disgrace,  
To *Henly* on the *Thames*, or some such place ;  
He never had complained, had it been  
A petty Firkin, or a Kilderkin :  
But when a Barrel daily is drawn out,  
My Masters, then it's time to look about.  
Is this a lie, trow ye ? I tell you, No,  
My Lord high Chancellor was informed so.  
And oh ! what would all the bread in town  
Suffice, to drink the Sheriffs liquor down ?  
But he in Hampers must it from hence bring,  
Oh most prodigious, and most monstrous thing !  
Upon so many loaves of home-made bread,  
How long might he and his two men have fed ?  
He would, no doubt, the poor they should be fed  
With the sweet morsels of his broken bread ;  
But when that they poor souls for bread did call,  
Answer was made, The Scholars eat up all.  
And when for broken beer they crav'd a cup,  
Answer was made, The Scholars drunk it up ;  
And thus, I know not how they chang'd the name  
But did the deed, and Long-tail bore the blame.

*Nob*

*Not to Travel,*

**W**Hat need I travel, since I may  
 More choicer wonders here survey?  
 What need I *Tyre* for Purple seek,  
 When I may finde it in a cheek?  
 Or sack the Eastern shores, there lies  
 More precious Diamonds in her eyes?  
 What need I dig *Pern* for Oar,  
 When every hair of her yields more?  
 Or toyl for *Gums* in *India*,  
 Since she can breathe more rich than they?  
 Or ransack *Africk*, there will be  
 On either hand more Ivory?  
 But look within all vertues that  
 Each Nation would appropriate,  
 And with the glory of them rest,  
 Are in this Map at large exprest;  
 That, who would travel, here might know  
 The little World in folio.

---

*The Schismatick,*

**O**Nce I a curious eye did fix  
 To observe the tricks  
 Of the Schismaticks of the Times;  
 Viewing which of them, Spoke the mettest Theme,  
 And best would besit my times;  
*Arminians* I found solid, *Sacrian*, were solid,  
 But the *Papist* for Learning doth stickle, (tickle  
*Ha, ha, ha, Rotundus, Rotundus*, 'tis you that my spleen doth  
 a. Next to tell you must not be forgot,  
 How I did trot  
 With a great Zealor, To a Lecture,

Where



Where I a Tub did view,  
 Hung with an Apron blew  
 'Twas the Preschers I conjecture:  
 His *Use* and *Doctrine* too,  
 Was of no better hue,  
 Though taught with a tone most mickle,  
 Ha, ha, ha, &c.

3. He talkt among other pretty things,  
 That the *Book of Kings*  
 Small comfort brings  
 To the Godly;

Besides he had some grudges  
 Against the *Book of Judges*,  
 And talkt of *Levities* odly,  
 But Wisdom most of all  
 He held *Apocryphal*,  
 Great *Beel* and the *Dragon* like *Michael*,  
 His preaching, like himself, was but sickle,  
 Ha, ha, ha, &c.

4. 'Gainst humane learning he next inveighs,  
 And he boldly sayes,  
 It is that which decays  
*Inspiration*.

Those that preferment merit,  
 Are not like to wear it,  
 In hopes of *Reformation*,  
 Cut Bishops down in haste,  
 And Cathedrals as fast,  
 As Corn that is fit for the sickle,  
 Ha, ha, ha, &c.

5. I heard of one did touch,  
 He did tell as much,  
 Of one that would not crouch  
 At *Communion*;  
 Who thrusting up his haud  
 Never made a stand,  
 Till he came where her s— had union;

She

She without all terrour,  
 Though it no error,  
 But did laugh till the tears down did trickle, (tickle.  
 Ha, ha, ha, *Rotundus, Rotundus*, 'tis you that my speen doth

---

*A Sermon.*

**H**Earken, I beseech you, with fear and reverence to these words, as you may perhaps find them written in the *Apocrypha*, the chapter and verse you may find out at your leasure; the words to my best remembrance are these, *A carpenter took his ax, and hewed the root of the tree, which because it brought not forth good fruit, it was instantly thrown into the fire.* Beloved, instantly is certainly, the axe instrumentally hewing, orderly struck against the root, effectually of the tree, particularly of that tree, impartially because it brought not forth; put all together, my beloved, because it brought not forth good fruit, instantly, effectually, particularly, instrumentally, orderly, proportionally, impartially, it is inevitably and fatally to be cast irresistably into the fire everlastingly, and so of these, and of all these, as the time shall permit; but the glass is out, and so am I.

---

*A zealous Discourse between the Parson of the Parish, and Tabitha.*

Parson, **H**Ail Sister to your snowy breast,  
 The word permitteth us to jeast,  
 Now

Now *Sermon's* done, nor should you be  
 Stiff-necked to the *Ministry*.  
 As you may read it more at large  
 In *Dod's* Commandments, or my Charge  
 Last *Sabbath* in my *Catechism*,  
 Wherein we prove they make a *Schism*,  
 Who do deny us in the night  
 To strengthen you by *Candle-light*.  
 And truly might my reasons be  
 But wav'd according to the *Grand Committee*  
 For *Reformation*, I would prove,  
 That we out of sincere love  
 Our devout *Spouses* room might take  
 Each *Sabbath* for Repetition sake :  
 And verily of late 'tis se'd,  
 More eyes have opened from the bed  
 Than from the *Pulpit*, and we there  
 Can sooner teach you how to bear.

*Tabitha*. In truth I know not what to say  
 Replies this zealous *Tabitha*,  
 But on those nights I you assure,  
 Our *Husbands* are too, too impure,  
 And clog our consciences too nigh  
 With seed that doth not fructifie,  
 As you may read. *Ruth*, where's my Book?  
 It is in *Matthew*, *Mark*, *John*, or *Luke*.  
 But would it not a scandal be  
 Unto the *New Presbytery*?

*Person*. No : for all things must be done,  
 You know, for *Edification* ;

Which

Which is no more in *English*, than  
The building up of faithful *Women*.

*Tab.* But hold, do these same words proceed  
From the *Beasts language* then indeed?

Sure the *Scotch* or *Geneva* print  
Hath no such rags of *Babel* in't.  
Nay fie, *Good Sir*, what do you mean?

*In troth* your hand is too obscene;

Evil requests must be deni'd,

Let go, my *placket's* on my side;

Why look you now? I pray be calm,

The spirit moves to sing a Psalm.

The Hymn. *The Post*, that came from Banbury,

*Riding in a blew Rocket,*

*He swore he saw, when Lunsford fell,*

*A Childs arm in his pocket.*

*Parson.* I think I hear your *Husband* pray;

Listen, hark! so; and then why may

Not a *Sister*, or a brother

Engender grace in one another?

*Tab.* You preacht against it, *Sir. Par.* I so I must

Where it is onely done for lust;

But I protest 'tis zeal indeed;

To propagate the *holy seed*,

That moves me. *Tab.* And indeed, said she,

I feel that very self same *Prick* of zeal in me,

As it were thrusting me on still,

Therefore, *good Sir*, ev'n do what you will.

Why look you now; what hurt's in this,

I'll seal it with a *Holy kiss*.

And

And e're your Husband say Amen,  
I'll do this great work twice agen.

*Tabitha.* Sir, make haste to rise,  
Tis for my Evening Exercise;  
It will be supper time I doubt,  
E're I shall read my Chapter out.  
Beside's alas! Oh! how do I  
Forget my Practice of Piety.

*Pray relieve my Gorget, smooth my Whisk, that our zealous conflict may not be discerned by the reprobate, the children of wrath, fire-brands of hell, and heirs to destruction.*

*On O. P. Sick.*

**Y**ield Periwig'd Impostor, yield to Fate,  
Religious Whiffer, Mountebank of Fate,  
Down to the low'st Abyss, the blackest shade  
That Night dare own, that so the Earth (thou'st made  
Loathsome by thousand Barbarisms) may be  
Deliver'd from Heavens vengeance, and from thee,  
The reeking steam of thy fresh Villanies  
Would spot the Stars, and menstruate the Skies,  
Force them to break the league they've made with men,  
And with a Flood rense the foul World agen.  
Thy Bayes are Tarnish'd with thy Cruelties,  
Rebellions, Sacrilege; and Perjuries.  
Descend, descend, thou veiled Devil, fall  
Thou subtil Blood-sucker, thou Cannibal:  
Thy Arts are catching, cozen Satan too,  
Thou hast a trick more than he ever knew;  
He ne're was Atheist yet, perswade him to't,  
Thy Schismatics will back thee Horse and Foot.

*An Answer to the Storm.*

**T**is well he's gone, O had he never been)  
Hurried in Storms, loud as his crying Sin;  
The Pines and Oaks fell prostrate at his Urn,  
That with his Fame his —

Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,  
 Roaring for Vegeance to the Heavens above;  
 From These, like his great *Romulus* bid grow,  
 And such a Wind did at his Ruine blow.  
 Strange that the lofty Trees themselves should fell  
 Without the Ax, so *Ophesus* went to Hell;  
 At whose descent the stoutest Rocks were cleft,  
 And the whole Wood its wonted station left.  
 In Battel *Hercules* wore the Lions skin,  
 But our fierce *Nero* wore the Beast within,  
 Whose heart was brutish more than face or eyes,  
 And in the shape of man was in disguise:  
 Where ever men, where ever pillage lyes,  
 Like ravenous Vultures, our wing'd Navy flies,  
 Under the Tropick we are understood,  
 And bring home Rapine through a Purple Flood:  
 New Circulations found, our blood is hurl'd  
 As round the lesser to the greater World.

In Civil Broils he did us first engage,  
 And made three Kingdoms subject to his rage:  
 One fatal stroke slaw Justice, and the Cause  
 Of Truth, Religion, and our sacred Laws.  
 So fell *Achilles* by the Trojan Band,  
 Though he still fought with heaven its self in's hand.  
 Nor would Domestick spoil confine his mind,  
 No limits to his fury but mankind.  
 The Brittish youth in forreign Coasts are sent  
 Towns to destroy, but more to banishment;  
 Who since they cannot in this Isle abide,  
 Are confin'd prisoners to the world beside,  
 No wonder then if we no tears allow  
 To him that gave us Wars and Ruine too.  
 Tyrants that lov'd him griev'd, concern'd to see  
 There must be punishment for Cruelty.  
 Nature her self rejoyced at his Death,  
 And on the Waters sung with such a breath,  
 As made the Sea dance higher than before,  
 While her glad Waves came dancing to the shore.

F I N I S.

J. CLEAVELAND  
HIS  
ORATIONS  
AND  
EPISTLES,  
On Eminent Occasions, in  
LATINE.

*Englisht by E. W.*

With an Addition ( amongst others ) of an  
University Character, a short Survey of  
some of the late Renegado-Fellows  
of the COLLEDGES.

---

*Non norunt hac Monumenta mori.*

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---

London, Printed for Nath. Brooke, at the Angel  
in Gresham Colledge. 1667.

Orat

**C** fin  
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Oratio coram Rege, & Principe Carolo in Collegio Joannensi Cantab. habita. 1642.

Augustissime Regum, Archetype Carole.

**Q**ua nupero dolore obrigit Academia, tanquam orbata Niobe soror Saxea, si in pristinam faciundiam resolvatur hodie, agnoscit omen vestrae presentiae. Memnonis statua solaribus percussa Radiis, vocalem Muscam edidisse fertur: Habent vel hi parietes Chordas Magicas, quas minima vultus vestri strictura quasi plectro animabit. Nec magis eloquuntur lapide, quam è Diametro miraculi stupent Oratores: Quod in afflatis numine fieri videmus, ita Deum recipere ut ejiciant Hominem, instinctu sapere non intellectu, perinde vestra in nobis Hospitatur Divinitas, cujus nimis splendor, omnes omnium, sensus sacrificat, & tam sanctam nostri jacturam in lucro deputamus. Ignoscimus jam fatis immodestiam suam, Imminens literarum exitium ut favoris insidias gratulamur, scilicet ambitu se moriuntur Musaeque ad vestros pedes efflabunt vale. Lusi Archimedes caelos in sphaera quidni dicam Favem in Carolo fabricatum? Adeo, ut Orator ille, Qui manu deorsum flexa, O Caelum! exclamavit, si istum in modum perorasset Hodie, Solacisimum manu non commisisset: Enimvero, cum Regem Optimum Maximum & Principem simul astantes videam, nescio quò modo Principis Natalis videatur.

videatur Redux, ubi solem & stellam, fulgentes à symbolis, (licet non aquis Radiis) conspicati sumus. Casare mortuo novum in cœlis emicuit Sydnus, quod Julii Anima passim audit: Caesaris Epilogus fuit Prologus Caroli: Neque enim aptior stella, quam Inviētissima illius Herois Anima, quæ vestræ soboli res gerendas emicaretur: Stellam dixi? non ò factum: Crederem potius ipsum solem fuisse qui tunc temporis delegavit tibi moderamen Dici, & ut Principis cunæ fortius videret, suum in stellam contraxit Oculum; Ecce ut Patrissat Carolus! ut, ad vestras virtutes anhelus surgit! Quid sub pientissimo Rege accidisse legimus, solem multis gradibus retrò ferri Principis ætas pari portento compensavit damnum, cujus festinavit virtus Devorat Horologium, & pueritia dum libata meridiem attingit. Parcatur mihi si targeat Oratio, si nihil præter solem, & stellas crepet: quippe in Principis natali ipsa natura mihi prævit Allegoriam. O felicem interim Academiam, & æternitatem quandam noctem, qui in Rege, & Principe, & esse nostrum, & nostrum fore, simul complectitur! Non est quod plura expectentur sæcula, viximus & nostram, & posterorum vitam. Sed vereor idè molestus fuerim importuno officio, quod in tam illustri presentis, in nescio quia majus piaculo excrescit: Minima coram Rege errata, tanquam angustiores Rime extenduntur lumini: Oratio itaque nostra progeni temporum Reformabitur, quod tantumdem est, Rescindetur. Hoc unicum præfator votum, Vivas, Augustissime, Pietas Tuorum, & Tremor Hostium, Vivas,

*Vivas vel in Hoc declivio stator literarum: vivas de-  
que eam induens gloriam, ut si ium tuum Caroleus  
appellamus Maximum, quia solo Patre Minorem.*

Cantabrig' Dixi.

Jo. Cleaveland, Joan.

*An Oration delivered before the King, and  
Prince Charles, in St. Johns Colledge  
at Cambridge. 1642.*

*Charles most August of Kings, and You, Great Britains  
Hope Illustris Charles.*

**T**His Academy, whom but even now equally  
Marble with the widdowed *Niobe*, grief  
congeal'd into a senceless statue, if this day she  
be restor'd to her wonted smiles, 'tis to you,  
Great Princes, and to your auspicious Presence,  
that she must owe this happy change. The statue  
of *Memnon* darted upon by the suns royal beams,  
is reported by the Ancients to have utter'd a vo-  
cal harmony; nor is it less true, that even these  
walls have now their charming chords, from  
which as with a Plectre or Quill, the least glance  
of your Countenance hath power to call forth a  
most melodious sound, & by a strange contrariety  
of miracle, at the same time the stones speak, and  
the Orators are struck dumb with admiration. It  
happens in those who are actuated with Divine  
impulse, that they so receive *God* as to cast off  
men, and that they understand rather by heaven-

ly instinct, than by humane reason; in like maner  
 your Divinity hath taken up its habitation in us,  
 and with its over-powerful splendor sacrificed  
 all our senses, & yet we account it a gain to have  
 so gloriously lost our selves. We now pardon the  
 fates their immodesty, and congratulate the im-  
 minent dissolution of Letters as a favourable sur-  
 prise; for indeed the Muses must needs be ambi-  
 tious to die, if at your Royal feet they may be ad-  
 mitted to breathe their last: *Archimedes* sportively  
 imitated the Heavens in a Globe, what hinders  
 but that I may affirm *Jove* to be lively set forth  
 in *Charles*; so that he, who pointing to the earth  
 cried out! O Heavens, if at this present he had  
 so declaim'd, he had not committed a Solocism  
 with his hand; for since I behold the best and  
 greatest of Kings, and Princes in place together,  
 methinkes the Princes Birth-day seems to be  
 brought back to this present time, in which we  
 see the Sun and Star shining in conjunction,  
 though not with equal rayes. When *Cæsar* died,  
 there appeared a new Star in Heaven, which was  
 generally called *The Soul of Julius*; the Epilogue  
 of *Cæsar* hath been *Charles* his Prologue, for  
 what Star was fitter to portend the great things to  
 be done by your Off-spring (mighty King) than  
 the Soul of that most invincible *Heroe*, Star, did I  
 say? pardon me, great Sir, I should rather believe  
 that it was the Sun himself, who at that time re-  
 sign'd unto your hands the government of the  
 day;

day ; and that he might the more intently observe the Prince's Illustrious Cradle , he contracted his universal eye into a Star ; behold how *Charles* begins already *Patrissare*, and with what haste & eager pursuit he soars up to his Fathers Vertues, that which we read to have hapned of old, under the most pious King of *Judea*, that the Sun went back many degrees, is now in *Charles* his dayes recompenc'd by no less a wonder ; nor was the course of time then so much retarded as his forward vertues have now hastned it and brought it on, since in the very dawn of his youth, he hath attained unto the noon of perfection. Pardon me, if my Oration swell & sound nothing but Sun and Stars, since in the Prince's Nativity Nature hath anticipated my Allegory , O happy Academy, in the mean time, and invested with a kinde of eternity, as comprehending at the same time in King and Prince , both our *Present* and our *Future* ; what need we expect the Ages to come, having lived our own life, and that of posterity together : But I fear least by an officious zeal , I have been too tediously troublesome, which in so illustrious a presence, may soon grow up to a crime beyond expiation. The least absurdities committed before a King, are like chinks which though never so narrow , are discover'd and enlarg'd by the light that passeth through them ; our Oration therefore is to be corrected according to the Genius of the Times, and that  
which

which is superfluous to be lopt off : One prayer alone remains to usher in the Close. Live, most *August*, the desire and welfare of your own, and the terrour of your Enemies ; Live, even in this descent of your age, the stay and prop of Learning : Lastly, live adorn'd with so much glory, that the Prince your Son may acquire the name of *Charles the Greatest*, as being less than his Father onely.

*John Cleaveland.*

Ejusd. Epistola ad Episcop. *Lincolniensem*, cum factus esset Archiepiscopus Eboracensis.

**U**sque, & usque quod gratulamur : Si molesti sumus, utinam indies succresceret peccandi materia. Pietas officii non metuit Cramben, sed vestri honoris emula indignatur Non-*u'tra*. Quin placeat igitur nostris in literis ruminare fortunas Tuas, & prolixioris calami guttere (quod *Philoxenus Gruino* voluit) repetere dapnum *Voluptatem*. Neque retro tantum gaudemus, prensamus sinciput, & in futurum gratulamur : providè factum; & tempestivè ; eo enim pergat virtus vestra, ut si paulum promoveat, humanos limites supergressus, eris ineffabilis. At luxat nobis animos Divinus horror, quum sacra facturis eminus, & spendor vester & sublimitas observantur. Nutat Religio quæ veneratur solem, & Tremor Luminum fatetur Deum : eadem est nostra oculorum conscientia, qui Radios vestros non sine Oculari crepusculo sustinemus. Nec minus

sublimitatem vestram laimus; siquidem sacrifican-  
tium Zelus (tanquam in flamma sacrificii) quo magis  
ascendit, eo magis trepidat. Clementia vestra dis-  
putat cum magnitudine, & hac amicissima lite quasi  
totius Naturæ Puerperium) officium nostrum est  
oriundum. Ignoscimus fati immodestiam suam,  
quicquid adversi contigit, ut favoris insidias am-  
plectimur? sic recurrere videbantur Fortune tue,  
ut fortius proficerent. Comprobavit exitus inge-  
nium consequenti; Militans Ecclesia jam trium-  
phat & fluctuans (ut olim Arca) tandem in mon-  
tibus acquiescit. Non amplius Collegium Mater  
Lanas lacerat, nec facie sua computat miseriae,  
Musæ, quas vivere fuit Hyperbole, nunc audent  
vigere: Quippe altitudo vestra ut Nilivæ Æ-  
gypti fertilitatem literarum ominatur. Enim vero  
cum Astra sunt felicitatis nostræ Condi-premi, quid  
est quod à superis non expectemus; Patrono in hac  
siderum vicinia collocato. Orandus igitur es  
(Archi-Præsul dignissimè) ut ambitionem nostram  
serò sifteres, & honores vestros subinde catenares,  
ut cum supremum Fortune Tuae Radium conscen-  
deris, nec dum terminetur Clymax vestra, Cælum  
superest Dominationi.

Vestri quam Devotissimi

Cantabrigiæ,

J. Cleaveland.

An

*An Epistle of the same Authour, to the Bishop of Lincoln, when he was made Arch-Bishop of York.*

**I**F in never giving over our congratulations we are too importunate, I wish, that every day new matter were afforded, of so offending; the zeal of my duty fears no check, but rather, emulous of true honour, disdains to meet with a *Non ultra*. It is a more than ordinary satisfaction in frequent Letters to ruminate upon your fortunes, and (as *Philoxenus* wisht in another sense) to repeat the pleasure of those delicacies, with a long-neckt quill; nor is it enough to rejoyce only for what is past, but to take hold on the fore-lock, and congratulate for the future; and this certainly is a provident and seasonable course, considering that your vertue moves forward so fast, that within a short while it will go near to transcend humane limits, and so become ineffable; but a certain divine horror unsettles our minds, when, going to offer up our respects, we observe from a far off, at once, your splendor and exaltedness. Veneration staggers when it approacheth the Sun, and the trembling of our lights confess a Deity, such is the abashment of them, that they cannot endure the brightness of your rays without an ocular twilight, nor have we less awe of your exaltedness. For as much as the Sacrificers zeal, like the flame of the sacrifice, by how much the more it ascends, so much the more it trembles:



bles: but your clemency disputes with your greatness, and from this most friendly strife (as if nature were in travel) our duty is to take its birth; we pardon the Fates their incivility, and whatsoever hath happened adverse, we embrace it as a favourable ambush. So your fortunes seem'd to recoil back, that they might spring forward with the greater force; the event hath made good the happiness of invention: the Church Militant now triumphs, and lately floating (as heretofore the Ark) now rests upon the Mountains, no more shall our Mother-Colledge card and spin, or discover her sorrows by her dejected countenance: the Muses, who could not be said to live without an Hyperbole, have now the confidence to shew their excellencies; nor could it be otherwise, since your advanced state (as that of *Nile* brought fruitfulness to *Egypt*) is a most happy Auspice of the prosperity of learning; and so long as the stars are the stewards of your felicity, what is that we may not expect from the Powers above, having a Patron placed so near the stars? This only remains, Most Reverend Arch-Bishop, to be requested, that our ambition may at length be restrain'd by some little curb put unto the full career of your honours; so that as when you shall seem to have mounted up to the highest pinnacle of your fortunes, the scale of your ascent may not yet be terminated; & besides all earthly glories, Heaven is still reserv'd the chiefest guerdon to crown your high deserts.

*Yours most humbly devoted,*

J. Cleaveland

Alia ejusdem, ad Episcopum Londinensem.

**C**ellius laborantes partes pari an imorum deliquit  
 din expressimus, ne graveris in ejus reditu  
 jubare experfecti triumphemus: Hodie enim est quod  
 vivimus post liminio, & vindiciis Honori vestri qua  
 quot sumus, sumus Virlii: siquidem in mœtore no  
 stro quid aliud fuit vita nostra quam nocturna lucu  
 bratio? & in tuo Occidente superesse, quam in gra  
 tiis natura vivere? Sed socra res est: Reddidit diem  
 redux Phosphorus, & post tanta cum astris jurgia  
 Collegium mater tandem fatetur Cœlos. Incassum  
 tubas fatigant veteres, ut ecclipsin redimerent,  
 Alma Mater suffiriis magis sonoris profligavit ve  
 stram sc. hic fuit felicitatis vestra somnus, qui tan  
 tum abest ut illam exstingueret, ut resciceret potius, &  
 alacriorem reddat. Ecce majorem mundum tuum  
 ad exemplar compositum, vel si majoris dictum luce &  
 tenebris distinctum! Si Sol in perpetuum splenderet,  
 nec aram, nec mystam haberet. Persicum: Enim  
 caligantes oculi nostri pœti sunt inducias cum fulgore  
 vestro, quibus finitis ad pristinum redit seipsum,  
 Aspicias quæ sumus Clientum nomina, et agnosca  
 radios è luminoso tuo corpore diffuses, nihil enim di  
 nostro habemus. Percurras singulos, & videas te  
 ipsum (prolixiorum semper admodum) sed modo plu  
 nius, modo angustius pro varia speculorum indolere  
 porcessum. A. que hinc est quod imaginem vestram  
 (tanquam Collegii Palladium) inter Archiva recor  
 dinus, ut Mater enixa sobolem, ad picturam se  
 stat,

*fistat vultus comparet, ita nūc rā vestra (plusquam splenderem Phœbi) distinguat pullos. Gratu' amur itaque (vel nostro nō mine) novae hasce honorum inducias. Vivas in posterum fortuna major: ingens vester animus (tanquam illud æternum jecur) indigne- tur vulturem; quo magis consumitur augeatur magis, & inter ipsos invidiæ Molares crescat virtus.*

J. Cleaveland.

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*Another of the same Authour, to the Bishop of  
L O N D O N.*

**T**Hink it not strange that we now triumph, awakned by his revived lustre, whose sufferings we have long resented with a suitable depressure of spirit; this day it is, that we start up (as it were) from the dead, and by an honourable assertion of liberty, look how many men we are, so many *Vir- bi* we are; for in the state of our sadness what was our life other than a late sitting up at night? and to have lived in your declining Sun-set, what was it but to live at Natures courtesie? But now our condition is well amended, *Phosphorus* returning, hath brought back the day, and so many con- tests wth the stars, our Mother-Colledge hath at length found Heaven an helper. In vain the An- cients so often sounded their trumpets, to profligate the Suns-eclipse; but our sacred mother, with the more effectual harmony of her sighs, hath dispelled yours; this indeed was the slumber of your felicity, & was so far from extinguishing it,

it, that it rather renewed it, and made it more flourishing; behold, the greater world fram'd, or rather pronounc'd, according to your exemplar, distinguished with light and darkness; if the Sun should shine perpetually, he would neither have altars erected to him, nor would the Persians keep in their sacred fire, our dazled eyes have made a truce with your brightness, which, that truce being ended, returns to its former lustre; behold here, we beseech you, your devoted Clients, & in them observe the rayes that flow forth from your own resplendent body, for we have nothing about us, that we can call our selves. View every one of us, and there you may see your self (to a great advantage alwayes) but sometimes more full, and sometimes less, according to the various reflection of the object; and hence it is that we lay up your image (as the *Palladium* of our Colledge) amongst our Archives & Monuments; as a mother having brought forth her infant, goes to her picture & compares the features, so your shadow (more than the Sun's brightness) distinguisheth us *young ones*: We congratulate therefore in our own behalf, this new truce of honors Live from henceforth greater than your fortune, and may your exalted mind (like that eternal liver) despise the eating vulture; and by how much the more it is consumed, so much the more increase, and your vertue still grow up and prosper, even among the grinding teeth of envy.

J. Cleaveland.

Ejusdem

Ejusdem Oratio ad Acad. Cantab. Cancellarium  
& Legatum Gallicum, publice habita.

Honoratissime Domine Cancellarie!

Illustrissime Hospes!

**Q**uam Angusta sit vestra presentia, & quam  
sacro horrore nostros præcellit animos utinam  
Oratoris vestri stupor non ita vinctus testaretur; Quis  
enim a' acritas officii nuper accenderat ut vos saluta-  
rim, impedit jam eadem Religio ut in illas impor-  
tunas ruerem inquitinus aures ubi Regum Concilia  
habuerant, nec magis Alloqui tam intneri nefas.  
Fulgura sunt in Amberum oculis, quorum splendo-  
rem quis aspiceret Bidentat fixet: si quis Persa-  
rum (qui venerantur solem) aspiceret, utrumque ra-  
tis suam Numen, divideret sacrificium. Nos quod  
esset fatemur lippitudine, Radiorum victoriam, &  
hic gravissimum, honoris Fubar, Umbellis nostra Acies  
a magis commendat quo minus sustineat. Salvo  
quæ Celebrissime Hospes! cujus gratissimi ad-  
ventus (ut Capacta essent postea pectora) magnitudo  
gaudiis nos metipsos à Nobis exclusit foras. Ecce  
qui Helluones Oculi vos inspicimus! Quot in ve-  
stris vultibus, Quadragesimam violavimus! sed  
ne palloni tantis Dupibus; Margarita, & Regii  
illi Manes quos in Fundatoribus nostris numeramus,  
per me (tanquam per Legatum suum) ut titulo ve-  
stro superbire liceat) adventum vobis gratulamur.  
Nec invidas mihi (Clarissime Advena) Legati  
nomen, cum Celsitudo vestra ad Gradum meum

K

(quem

(quem modo suscepisti) dignaretur Descendere,  
 Humilitas nostra, (quod in Balance sciet) ad apicem  
 vestram assurgeret. Scholas vidisti, & Unicum  
 illud Sacellum: Quorum Alteri docuisti Literas,  
 Alteri Pietatem: & quid amplius studes apud nos  
 invisere? Ecce Academia integrum? Cancellarium  
 Dignissimum! Qui quicquid Cantabrigie  
 nostra in se complectitur plenus representat. The-  
 atra, & Scholarum Pyramides, Nos luditundi Vi-  
 travii Lullificavimus Chartis: Tu, Tu, Archie-  
 piscopus fortune nostra, cujus magnificentia vel pretium  
 nostri audaciam superabit, Multum sumus (Honoratissime)  
 Orator in Cancellarii delinissimus lau-  
 dibus, ut scias Qualis Heras, Qualis Heras, Qua-  
 tus Aliorum Patronus Honori vestro bodie insu-  
 viat. Certe dum vos majorum gentium Nobis  
 sumus estantes videmus, nescio quis Istubunus Gal-  
 liam & Britanniam (invito Oceano) conjunxisse vi-  
 dratur. Quia perpetuum sit iste nodus, & ita Gor-  
 dianus, ut pender Alexander disjunctos Gladii.  
 Plura vellem, & usque pergeret votorum pietas, sed  
 Rist u. (Dixit Argumento) plusquam Demonstratio-  
 nes Agnam patiar: Quare si Alura vestras (Re-  
 gibus essuetas) nimis detinenda sacrilegus fuerim  
 siquid deliqui rim, Hac saltem sit subita Orationem  
 provida Temeritas, ut ne parvus ad peccandum  
 produsse videatur.

Sic Dixit.

J. Cleaveland.

As

*An Oration of the same Author, Publickly spoken  
before the Chancellor of Cambridge, and  
the French Ambassadors.*

**H**OW *Angust* your presence is, and with how  
sacred a horror it strikes our minds, I wish  
the amazement of your Oratour did not too ap-  
parently testify, for the same duty which of late  
stirred me up with chearfulness to salute you, is  
now become a kind of Religion in me, lest I  
should rush an importunate inmate upon those  
nice ears where the counsels of Kings have dwelt:  
Nor is it less a crime to look upon you, then to  
speak before you; lightning appears in your eyes,  
upon whose too powerful splendor, whoever shall  
presume to look, must become a bidental sacrifice.  
If any of the *Persians*, who have the Sun in Ve-  
neration should chance to behold you, he would  
take each of you for his own deity, and so divide  
his sacrifice. But as to what concerns our selves,  
we confess by our dazed eyes the victory of your  
eyes, and this genuine lustre of honor our weak  
sight so much the more commends, by how much  
the less it is able to endure the brightness of it:  
Hail therefore thrice renown'd *Quest*, whose most  
grateful arrival that our breasts might be so much  
the more capacious to receive you hath with the  
excess of joy driven us out of our selves: behold  
how many greedy eyes glut themselves with the be-  
holding of you, how many Lents have we broken

in your gladsome aspect, and yet we are unworthy of such delicacies: Great *Margareta*, and the Souls of those royal Persons whom we number amongst our Founders, by me as their Ambassador (a title I have cause to boast of) congratulate your coming hither, nor need you envy me, most Illustrious Guest, the title of Ambassador, since your Highness hath been pleased to descend to my degree, which you have so lately taken upon you, or rather our humility, as in an equal poize of the ballances, raised it self up to your height. You have seen our Schools, and that famous Chappel, to the one of which you have taught Learning, to the other Piety, and what is there more among us that you can desire to see? behold the whole University, behold our most Noble Chancellor; who, whatsoever our *Cambridge* comprehends, represents with high advantage; behold our Structures, and the Magnificence of our Schools, wherein with the sport of Art we have put to shame whatsoever hath been described by *Vitruvius*: 'tis you, great Sir, 'tis you who are the Architect of our fortune, & whose magnificence will far exceed the highest glories we can presume to imagin. I am th' more ample, most honoured Guest, in the deserved praises of our Chancellour, that you may be the more sensible what Worthy, what *Herue*, how great a Patron of others it is, who is this day subservient to your vertue and excellencq: Certainly while I see



Two of the most illustrious personages of two such great Nations in place together, there seems I know not what Isthmus, maugre the swelling Ocean, to have joyn'd *France* and *Britain* into one; and may this knot be everlasting, and so strongly Gordian, that no *Alexander* may be able to cut it asunder with his sword. Farther I would exultate, and the zeal of my wishes should still go on forward, but that by the richness of the argument, my mouth already suffers a squinancy greater then ever *Demosthenes* felt; wherefore if I have been sacrilegious in detaining over-long your ears, accustomed only to the speech of Kings, if in this I have been ought criminal, let it at least be imputed to the provident temerity of my over-hasty Oration, that I may not be thought to have come prepared to offend.

*J. Cleaveland.*

*Ejusdem Oratio in Scholis habita cum Junior  
Baccalaureus in Tripodem deputaret.*

*Cantab.*

**Q**uos nē videre possum citr' i occulorum Hyperbo-  
len, quomodo vos appellarem: & cūm altissi-  
mus vester Gradus, sine scala occupare nequit, Qua-  
sum Orationis Climax vestram scandet Dignita-  
tem? Vestram dum suspicio in meo vultu invenio  
purpuram: & ingentis cura quæ prestanda obser-  
vantia me habet sollicitum non novi subtilius Ar-  
gumentum

gumentum quam stuporem. Quod autem Poeta-  
 rum Princeps Deorum Senatam ad suam cogit  
 Παράνομιαν, pari liceat & mihi vos invitari  
 ad hoc Ludicrum certamen nostrum. Umbra est hoc  
 nostra contentia & Icon Belli, Murium, & Rana-  
 rum Pugna quid aliud fuit quàm Iliadis Brachy-  
 graphia : & in pusillis illis animalculis, Hector &  
 Achilles ( tanquam Iliades in Nuce ) coarctantur.  
 Ea siquidem est pensio nostri conditio, ut Hic etiam  
 Mars & Venus implicati jacent. Pugna est, sed  
 Ludica Lusus, & tamen Bellicus, ita ut nec tu  
 cincto placeat Philosophia nec nuda Cithera. Qui  
 virili togâ indutus, nec dum reliquit Nuces, sed  
 totus focus crepat. Hujus ego Palladam, Postu-  
 mam Cerebri sui prolem existimabo. Qui in hisce  
 Floralibus solus Cato, & inter Philosophia spinas  
 nullos admittis Rhetorica flores, Hujus Minerva  
 Ad Amazonis instar, altera Mamma destituitur.  
 Ille demum sit miles noster, qui & sese præstat in-  
 genii velitem, & Philosophia Cataphractum; qui  
 & viriliter audeat disputare, & cum Bipode Tripode  
 par-imparludere. Me quod spectas : Ita Rationem  
 ad agendum subduxi meam, ne utrumque munus  
 melior simul, & subterfugiam. Et pudibunda, me-  
 tum inter & officium, Musa, & fugit ad salicem,  
 & videri cupit.

Sic Dixit.

J. Cleaveland.

*An Oration of the same Author delivered in the Publick Schools, when he was Junior Batchelor, and was to dispute upon the Tripos.*

**Y**OU whom I cannot look upon without a hyperbole of eyes, by what name or title shall I be able to salute you: And since your high and mighty degree cannot be reacht without a Ladder, what Climax of Oration will serve to climb your Dignity? while I suspect my Cheeks, to be tinged with your scarlet, nor do I know a more subtle argument of that exceeding care which holds me sollicitous of rendring you your due respect, than my silence and astonishment: but whereas the Prince of Poets brought the Senate of the gods to his battle of Frogs and Mice, by the same reason I may make bold to invite you to this sportive Combat, or Contention of ours, which is a shadow, or image of war; the fight of the Mice and Frogs, what was it other then the *short-hand* of the Iliads, *Hector* and *Achilles* drawn in little in those petty animals, like the Iliads compressed within a Nutshell, and such also is the condition of our task, that *Mars* and *Venus* may here be seen intangled together. It is a fight but sportive, a play, which yet hath in it somewhat of war; so that strait-lac'd Philosophy will not here be seasonable, nor the bare Harp alone: He, who clad in the Robe of manhood, hath not yet left his toys, but seems as if he were made up of jests, his

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*Minerva* I shall esteem the posthume off-spring of his own brain; the man who appears a meer *Cato* in these May-games, and among the prickly thorns of Philosophy admits no flowers of Rhetorick, his fancy like an Amazon seems bereft of one pap. Our Souldier must be such a one as can shew himself, both a light Horseman of wit and a Guirasseer of Philosophy, who dares both manfully dispute, and play at even or odde, with the two legg'd *Animal* and the *Tripod*, or three legg'd stool. As for me, I have so ordered my affairs, as to perform both offices together, and yet provide for an escape: Thus my Muse at a loss between duty and distrust, both flies to the reeds, and yet desires to be seen.

*J. Cleaveland.*

*Ejusdem Oratio Salutatoria in adventum Illustrissimi Principis Palatinati. Cantabrig.*

*Serenissime Comes Palatine:*

*SI* Archetypam corporis vestri elegantiam possem transcribere, & Orationem meam tanquam vniuersalis Metaphoram, a vestro vultu deducere, ita imaginem vestram penulis encomiis exprimerem, ut qui spectatum venias, venires spectandus, & unicum esset Joannense spectaculum teipsum tibi ostentari. Sed quoniam ad solares hosce radios caligat penitus Atheniensis nocturna, gratuler mibi meam inertiam, stuporem jacto. Ita enim cum Sacratissimo Principi in Trusina quadam sum collocatus, ut in quantum

deprimat me mea humilis facultas, in tantum sursum, nititur vestra Sublimitas. Salve igitur (Desideratissime Princeps) hujus Collegii Anima, seu potius Omnium Animarum Collegium, ita tibi singuli devoti, sumus, & in obsequium vestrum juncta obalangeruimus. Ecce tibi Majorum tuorum monumenta Margareta (que Semiramis inuideat) collamania: Margareta, & Henrici septimi & nostrum omnium matris, que uno partu enixa est, quot Herculem fabulantur genuisse, quinquaginta Socios, Nec tibi, stemmatique vestro solam Margaretam debemus, quin & paternæ gloriæ bare, esto, Fredericum volo beatissime memorie, qui viginti ab hinc plus minus annis, unâ cum Augustissimo (tunc temporis surgente fulo) ad hanc Margareta sobolem, quasi compadres & susceptores accesserunt. O quam lati meditamur istum natalem nostrum, diemque adeo Festum: ut muros hosce, sacro quodam Minio pinxisse videatur. Ecquid huic felicitati superesse possit, ut quod patris splendore semel tinctum, vestro olim foret Dibaphum: sequeris patrem jam passibus equis. Elge Principem pretiosum in quo omnium legimus simulacra Autographa, Margareta Palladium Frederici patris numisma aurum, & matris Cornelie ornementum, Elizabethe dulcissima, & in vestro cultu totam Deam confessa; cujus laudes ut hodiernum sæculum effundit, ita posteritatis eccha reparabat, cujus mascula anima jam sexu vestitur masculo Elizabethe Carolo. O quam luxuriat dicendi Sēges! O quam Decies repetitus placebis Carolus!

rolus ! Carolus, Caroli sobrinus, & Caroli avunculus. O beatissima Carolorum Climax ! Maestus esto gradibus Carolina scala, ut cum præ altitudine tuâ supremus Rex Carolus cælum petat, novi subinde succrescant Caroli, quibus ( quasi Internodiis ) distincta ejus aternitas usque & usque floreat, sit ipse subinde superstes Carolus non hominum ( parum Illium Nestoris ) sed Carolorum tres ætates vivunt filii sobrini utriusque Caroli.

Sic Dixit.

J. Cleaveland.

*A Salutary Oration of the same Author, upon the Arrival of the most Illustrious Prince Palatine.*

*Most Serene Prince,*

**I**F I were able to copy out the naturall hand-someness and elegant composurè of your body, and to deduce my oration, as the Metaphor of beauty, from your person, I should so set forth your Idea with emulous praises, that you who came to behold, should then come onely to be seen and admired, and it would be the onely design of St. Johns Colledge to shew you unto your self. But since like the Athenian Owl, I am almost blinded with those bright Sun-like rayes, I applaud my self in my own weaknesse, and boast my stupidity ; for being placed as it were, in the scales with you (most sacred Prince) so much as my humble faculty depresseth me, so much your sublime Excellence is rais'd up, & advanc'd: Hail there-

therefore most desired Prince, the Soul of this Colledg, or rather the Colledg of all Souls. So devoted are every one of us to you, that we rush in a united brigade into the respect & observance of you. Behold here the Monuments of your Ancestors, great *Margarets* stately Walls, to be envied of *Semiramis* her self: Walls, I may say, of pearl, as being the structure of this famous *Margaret*, the mother, both of *Hen. 7.* & of this whole society of us here; having at one birth brought forth as many as *Hercules* himself is fabled to have begotten at one time, to wit, fifty Fellows; nor do we owe unto you, and unto your noble lineage *Margaret* alone, but we also look upon you as the true Heir of your Fathers glory, *Frederick* of most happy memory, who about 20 years ago, together with the most *August*, the rising *Julius* of his time, came as it were *Godfathers*, or *Under-takers*, hither to this Progeny of the great *Margaret*; Oh how joyfully do we call to remembrance that Birthday of ours, a day so joyful & festival, that it seems to have left a tincture of sacred Vermilion upon these Walls to this day. What more could we have desir'd to have been added to our felicity, than that what hath once been purpled by your Fathers splendor, should be dy'd in grain by yours, who so closely follow the track of your fathers noble foot-steps? Go on, most highly valued Prince, in whom we plainly read, naturally and lively described by your self, the resemblances of  
all

all your Ancestors at once, the Palladium of *Margaret*, the golden Medal of your father *Frederick*, the Ornaments of *Cornelia*-chaste *Elizabeth* your Mother, who this day appear to us all goddesses, in the excellence of your form & vertues; & whose praises, as the present age is fill'd with, so the echo of posterity wil ever repeat, whose masculine soul is now invested with a masculine Sex, *Elizabeth* with the masculine *Charls*; O how many new occasions still croud upon my discourse, to make it swell into a vast bulk? How grateful is the name of *Charls*, though ten times repeated; *Charls* the Cozen of *Charls*, & the Uncle of *Charls*. Oh happy Climax of *Charls's*! Let this *Caroline* scale be an increase of your Honour many degrees, that when our King *Charls*, at the very top of it, shall touch Heaven for height, there may yet spring up new *Charls's*, by which his eternity distinguished (as it were by Internodes) may never cease to flourish, and may *Charls* himself, in the mean while survive, not three ages of men (for we regard not *Nestors* Ilium) but three lives of *Charls's*, the posterity of both Cozen-Germans, and long may they also live.

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Ejusdem Oratio in Scholis Publicis habita cum  
Patris Officio fungeretur. *Cantab.*

**Q**uam equivocum sit nomen Patris, quanta,  
& quam discolor officio ratio, si non ali-  
unde, ab hac varia frequentia (severiores viri &  
lepi-



lepidissima Proles ) possem dignoscere : si enim ad  
 singula Auditorum ingenia quilibet Orator compo-  
 nendus sit, ita ut cum senibus Tussiat, rideat cum  
 Pueris. Quid ergò Hominis ? Quale futurus sum  
 monstrum ? Gravitate & nucibus Patre & Puero  
 interpunctum. Quod in dispartitâ, Aquilâque ex-  
 pansâ fieri videmus unum corpus duplicem ostentare  
 faciem, eadem est nostra ergò vos & Filios Bifrons  
 conditio. Hos cum aspicio sum Senex Aquila, Pul-  
 los meos ad vestrum fubar exportatura ; ubi vos è  
 contra, nescio quo modo, & ipse in Pullum redeo,  
 & (ad instar Aquilæ) Juventum reho. Dne igitur  
 Dramatis Personæ sustinendæ sunt. Vestrâ in  
 scenâ acturus sum Filium, in vestrâ Patrem, alte-  
 rum genu flexum, alterum stabit Elephantinum.  
 Oscillatione quod aiunt superam modò, modò infi-  
 mam occupato partem, partim Puer, partim Senex,  
 qualis Æson, ille in Abeno Medea semicottus. Et  
 que quidem aptior via inveniri potest quam per fe-  
 rulam ad fasces ? per Filii scatellum, ad Culmen  
 Patris assurgere ? serviendum ut Imperes, Aulico-  
 rum methodus : A vitulo ad Bovem Melonis pro-  
 gressus. Vobis igitur ( viri Gravissimi ) primitiæ  
 vestrae sunt consecrandæ, quos si nullo, vel (quod per-  
 inde est) translato honore persequar, non dico cau-  
 sem quin Filii mei improbitate erga me pari, inju-  
 riam vestram ulciscantur. Neque tamen interea  
 nescimus quali vos compellarem nomine, Quorum  
 Eruditio scribit Academia Maritos, Obsequium  
 malis Filios. Perplexus fuit & Tortuosus ille incesti  
 nodus,

nodus, quem de Oedipo suo fabulatur Græciâ Major  
 Mæander unusquisque vestrum, quorum cum Erudi-  
 tione Academia Mater gravida fuit, & quotannis  
 parturiat: Quorum præceptis & exemplari  
 virtute, quam Tenella Pubes (quasi Binis Uteribus)  
 lactatur indies. Non Oedipus majori cum Enig-  
 mate scelaratus, quam quilibet vestrum suis: Ma-  
 tris Maritus, Uxoris Filius, & Fratrum Pater: Ne  
 que hic sistat divinæ vestra Igdoles, cujus vel pictura  
 est satis prolifica, siquidem Alma Mater ubi concipit  
 vestram speciem ab omni os ponit, vestrum instar  
 representat Animas, ut masculam magis excultam  
 enitatur sobolem. Illi, Illi estis, quibus si ante inven-  
 tas literas contigisset vixisse, imagines vestras ab  
 Egyptiis expressas, hodie pro Artibus, & scientiis  
 legeremus. Non ego sequax erroris illius qui nihil  
 egregium ducit, nisi quod vetustum: qui presentia  
 fastidit Tempora, & hosterno jure Panem atrum de-  
 vorat. Senescat (si Dies placet) Natura: Majori-  
 bus Nostriis dedit Animarum jugera, nobis spitha-  
 mas, Gigantes Illi, nos Pusiones: Degenere Ani-  
 mæ & verè Minores in hac opinione: Lucrescit hac  
 ætas, non decoxit, Illi, quidem literarum Atavi, sed  
 quia est Familiaris! cuius Primus fuit illud quod  
 dicere nolo, secundus quod nequeo. Huius prin-  
 cipis nobilis progressus. Hæbeant quid suum est At-  
 tique, sed ne in solidum fiant Domini, suas sibi laudes  
 vindicent, sed vestris volis ne accipiant, Quorum  
 ego meritis tantum confido, ut veterum sicut ego ca-  
 nitiem veneror, sic misereor impotentiam. Ructarunt

illi Glandes, vestrum est Triticum, Calceati eorum  
 dentes & victus asper : vestra Dapes, & ingenii  
 gula, quibus quod retro est sæculum stravit tantum  
 mensas, erit à quadris fecturum. Clari Convivia  
 quibus obsonantur Antiqui, ministrant Posterì ! sed  
 quam effrons Ego, & Devorati pudoris, qui dum  
 vestra molior encomia orationem meam tantæ feli-  
 citatis Commensalem reddam. Liceat tamen pec-  
 care ( Auditores ) ut ignoscatis : purpura elotis mæ-  
 culis, & iteratâ injuriâ gloriabor de culpâ à vobis  
 remissâ, magis quam de Innocentiâ, Julius Sabinus  
 quoniam à Romæ Imperio defecisset, fufis jam copiis &  
 afflictis Rebus ; in Monumentum quoddam se ab-  
 ditisse dicitur, ubi cum uxore tam diu latuerit, nè  
 plures filios ex ea susciperet : Tandem verò depre-  
 hensus, & pro Tribunali positus, Filios suos in  
 medium sistens, sic affatur Judicem, Parce, Parce,  
 casus : Hos in Monumento genui, Hosce alui, nè  
 Tibi plures essemus supplices ! vestram fidem ( Au-  
 ditors ) quicquamno respiciam dictum Rotundum ! Q-  
 uam spes tuas Licero : Frustrâ susceptos labores ;  
 Quæ gitationes inanes Tuas ! Tinnis Tinnis præ hoc  
 Oratuum maximo ; Qui si cum uxore tuâ Rhe-  
 toricâ tandem in Museo clusus esses, quam ille in  
 Monumento : nunquam Orationem hujus parem ge-  
 nisset. Gratus Tibi ( Sabine ) de hac excusatione  
 mea qui cum necesse sit ut delinquam, habeo tamen  
 deprecandi formulam : Habeo Filios Quos osten-  
 dam, Hanc circumstantem Rhetoricam ; Magna,  
 magna est infantum Elegentia qui eo plus exurant  
 quo

quo minus loquantur. Suorum ilicet tacendi in praesens utar, neque dubito quin plus favoris demereat silentio quam ulteriori tudio.

Sic Dixit,

J. Cleaveland.

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*An Oration spoken by the same Author in the publick Schools, when he took upon him the Office of Father.*

**H**ow equivocal the name of Father is; what & how various the reason of the paternal office, if by no other means beside (grave Bench of Seniority, and your more frolick off-spring) yet from this mixt concourse of Auditours, I might be enabled to judge: for if every Orator should be driven to frame his behavior according to the humour & capacity of all sorts of Hearers, so as to cough with old-men; to laugh with boys, what kind of man would this dexterity requite, or indeed what kind of Monster must he be, inter-pointed with gravity & whirlogigs, with Father and Children; that which we see happens in the divided, or double spread Eagle, where one body presents to view two faces; the same is our double-fronted condition towards you, Grave Seniors, & toward these my Sons, these, when I behold, I am the old Eagle, and going about to expose my young ones to the rest of your piercing rays; when your selves, on the other side I look upon, I also my self, I know not how, return int

a Chicken, and like a true Eagle, renew my youth. In this Comedy therefore, I am to take upon me two persons, in your Scene I must act the Son, in yours the Father; the one with a bended knee, the other stiff as an elephant: I fancy my self at the tottering game call'd Oscillation, where sometimes I possess the upper part, sometimes the lower; partly a child, partly an old man, like that famous *Æson* of old, half boil'd in the cauldron of *Medea*; and what fitter way can there be found out, than by the rod of correction, to arrive at the staff of authority; by the low settle of a Son, to come to the reverend chair of a Father. We must serve, that we may obey; it is the rule of Courtiers: and according to *Milo's* practice, the way to come up to an Ox, is to begin at a Calf. To you therefore, most Reverend Sages, our first-fruits are to be consecrated: but in case I shall be thought to accost you with none, or, which is as bad, with borrowed honor: I see no reason, but my Sons may, with the like disobedience toward me, revenge your injury; nor do I yet know in the mean time, by what title to salute you, whose learning may stile you the Husband of the University, whose obedience may rather make you pass for her Sons. Intricate and perplex was that incestuous riddle, which *Greece* reports of her Son *Oedipus*; but every one of you are a more involved *Meander*, with your learning, our Mother-University impregnated, brings  
L forth

forth every year, by your precepts and exemplary vertue, as it were by two teats, the tender babes are suckled every day; so that *Oedipus* himself was never branded with a more mysterious incest, than each of you are guilty of, being the Husband of your Mother, the Son of your Wife, and the Father of your brethren, nor do your Divine-fancies rest here, your very Portraictures being apt enough for generation, for as our sacred Mother when she conceives, puts some of your Idea's before her eyes, and hath a representation of Souls like unto you, that she may bring forth a Masculine and perfect off-spring, such and so Authentick you are, that if you had chanc'd to live before Letters were invented, your pictures express as Hieroglyphicks by the Egyptians might have bin read at this day instead of Arts and Sciences; I am not addicted to that vulgar error, of those that esteem nothing of any moment, unless what is ancient, such loath the present time, and in favour of yesterday feed upon course-bread; Nature forsooth must grow old, to our Ancestors she gave acres of Soul, to us but spans, they were Giants, we but Dwarfs; how degenerate, and truly little Souls have they that persist in this opinion, the later ages have gain'd, and not become bankrupt, those indeed were the great Grand-father of Letters, but how many families are there; the first of which were, I will not tell what the second I cannot tell what; a mean beginning hath oft times a

fair

fair and happy progress; let the Ancients have attributed to them what is their due, but let them not be altogether Deified, they may challenge to themselves their deserved praises, but must not defraud you of yours; ; so much respect I bear to the Ancients, that I both reverence their gray hairs, and pity their decays; they belch forth Acorns, but to you belongs the Wheat, their teeth were Hobnail'd, and their fare coarse; but to you belong the delicacies, and the luxury of wit, to you the past ages, cover the Table, and the future times attend with Trenchers, happy guests as you are, whom Antiquity feasts, and Posterity waits upon at Table: but how frontless am I, and as it were eaten out of shame, who while I attempt your Praises make my own Oration a fellow-companion of so much felicity, yet perhaps it may be allowable to let slip some offences, that you (gentle Auditors) may have what to pardon; the spots being once washt away out of my Scarlet, and the Grain renewed, I shall glory more in that fault w<sup>ch</sup> you shall think worthy to be remitted, than in having been altogether innocent. *Julius Cæsar* having revolted from the Roman Empire when he had been overthrown in battle, and reduced to the utmost extremity, he is said to have shut himself up in an old Monument, where together with his wife, he lay hid for divers years; and during that time had begotten a great company of Children; but at last being discovered

and brought before the Judgement seat, he plac'd his Sons before him, and addressing himself to the Sovereign Judge, Spare me, said he, spare me great *Cæsar*, these Sons have I begot in the Monument, and I have brought them up carefully, to the end that we might come the greater number of suppliants before you; to you (courteous Auditors) I appeal, what could there have been said more effectual than this; Vain were thy hopes, O *Cicero*: In vain thy great pains bestowed, nor were thy soaring fancies any thing but flashes, thou wert but low, and flat in respect of this most excellent of Orators; nor, hadst thou been shut up in thy *Museum* with Rhetorick thy Wife, couldst thou ever have begot Orations like to his? I render thee thanks, O *Sabinus*, for this my excuse, who since I could not but prove peccant, have yet by this means met with so handsom a president of begging favour. I have also my Sons to shew, this croud of Rhetorick that stands about me: Great, Great is the eloquence of Children, who so much the more prevail, by how much the less they speak: their example therefore for the present I shall follow, and doubt not but I better deserve by being silent, than by the tediousness of my proceeding forward.

*J. Cleaveland.*

Oratio



Oratio gratulatoria Johannis Cleavelandi, Præ-  
lectoris Rhetorici, ad Magistros.

**Q**uanta & quam divina, sit vestra benefa-  
ciendi Indoles; & quam pauperrima gra-  
titudinis nostræ Talio; nescio an diuturnum me-  
um Silentium, an hodierna Oratio luculentius fuerit  
testimonium. Imparem se fatetur modesta taciturni-  
tas, & in tanto circamine maluit cedere quam insan-  
tibus gratis humanitatem vestram ballultiri. In  
minimis & quæ compensari possunt Beneficiis, peccat  
Silentium in majoribus, religiosum: sed frigide agno-  
scere, tantundem est & tacere: & in hoc tamen  
scelere Pietatem meam invenietis: Quod enim votis  
suscipitis ambiunt alii, ut favori vestro paribus nume-  
ris respondeant, ut Munus & Gratia in amabilem  
quandam Eclogam coalescant; secus ego gratulor  
meam gratiarum ignaviam; quo enim magis infra  
Muneris vestri magnitudinem subsidio, id magis In-  
famiam meam, munus commendo: Gratia cum beneficio  
in bilance posita, & pro levitate suâ in sublime acta,  
ex proprio ludibrio gloriam addunt, & Pondus bene-  
ficio: quod si elegantes magis velitis Gratias, estote  
vobis mihi: munifici. Gratitude est Beneficii echo, quæ  
ut singula verba potest repetere, ita longam Senten-  
tiam ne dimiditare. Monosyllaba (ut ita dicam) Be-  
neficia, faciles reverleramus; cum grandioribus, &  
vestris, ni unam aut alteram syllabam, rependimus.  
Prodeo igitur in Aciem cum Amore vestri  
succumbam, studio. Contendunt Gratiaæ car-

ficio, sed ut ex ipsa punga, major appareat victoria, Qui in hostis potestatem se lubens offert, invidet Hosti Honorem suum. Plenior ex capto, quam ex dedito Triumphus, & munificentia vestrae Paenae, ex Oratore victo, quam ex imbelli Silentio, Quorsum autem Ego in hac Sulsellia ascenderim, qui ita a Proavis meis hereditarium accepi Silentium, ut necesse habuerim (quasi ex Traduce) tacuisse? Erat enim cum Lectorem legere, Pleonasmus haberetur. Artis fuit apud illos, dissimulare Artem, munus suscipere, & cum Privilegio dormire. Implere autem (absit nomen) officium; ad industriam prodere, de posteris mereri male. Crediderim sane Ege, istud fuisse Muneris nostri Ingenium, ut (quod Papa solent) eorum virtutes essent cognonima, à quibus maxime distant: Proinde Rhetoris illi eligerentur, qui per totum Annum obmutescerent. Nec immerito, tam rari enim fuerunt, tam infrequentes Praelectores nostri, tam Seculares denique, ut nescio quibus possum praefari melius, quam illis Praeconiis; Venite ad Ludos, quos Nemo mortalium unquam vidit, nec visurum est postea. Sed nova hoc Anno exoritur Lectorum Religio, qui aliter ac Lectores solent, ad Canones & Statuta revocantur. Stamus indies, loquimur quotidie, & tam ancipiti Pulmonum virtute, ut & Pulpita ad vigiliam, & Auditores ad Somnum adigamus, ad Somnum dixi? ad Horrorem potius, tanto enim percussi sunt metum, ut verendum sit, ne ad Pedagogi scripserint novitiam aliquam Heresim suppullulare, Babyloniam Meretricem in Rhetoricis Lenociniis Redivivam

divinam eff, & in Liberalibus Scientiis septicollem  
Bestiam. Ecquid amplius apud vos Papisticum?  
Immo quod pessimum est, Noctū & interdiū Horas  
Canonicas observare Procancellarium. Quem non  
citius cum Honore nomino, quin eo despectenda vi-  
deatur Oratio: cuius in Laudes tam alacris est mea  
Rhetorica, ut si semel undarent lora, vereor quod ha-  
benas non audirent denuo: quotus enim est Patronus  
Noster, qui Homines alioqui somnulentos, tanquam  
matutinus sol, Radiis ad Labores excitat. Qui oci-  
ari in Officiis, aut dormire in aprico pudendum ra-  
tū non modò laborat, sed nostri Laboris est Artifex.  
Ita tandem quam Ipse exerceat diligentiam felici con-  
tagione nolis effricat. Qui denique (& quod ego Pal-  
marium duco) Modestiam meam minus difficilem,  
in hodiegnam vestrum raperet Obsequium. Vos in-  
telligo (Senatus ampliss.) quibus quicquid Praelecto-  
ri sum, refert acceptum; Quorum nescio an me  
Rhetorem elegerunt Juticia, an creant Suffragia:  
creant dico (& satis cum audacia repeto) tot enim  
facundae voces in unum congestae, quem non Rhetorem  
effecissent? Quod igitur Poeta fabulantur, ad Pan-  
dora Natalitia universum Deorum adfuisse Symbo-  
lum, ita in Rhetorica mea, & vestro unanimi consen-  
su, invenietis tripudior. Quare quos Eloquentia mea  
(siqua sit) agnoscit Compadres, non dubio quin usque  
habitura sit susceptores; ne eadem lubentia in Aures  
vestras resiliat, qua facili ex Pectore profecta est.  
Non pensabo in posterum imbecillitatem meam; qui  
onus dedistis, dedistis & humeros, & ut absint alia,

satis est cum Aquila vestra militari. Refert Seneca de pufillo quodam & monogrammato (ut sic dicam) homuncione, qui in Palastram ausus est descendere, quia pugilles multos, & strenuos servos domi aleret: si Servi tantum potuerint, si vicarii roboris confidentia, infirmum Sexum commasculare possit; Quid Domini facient? Et Ego in hunc Literarum pulverem possum itrare, non meo Mercurio, sed quoniam tam multos, & facundos habeam Dominos; non enim ad hoc Officium destinatus sum à dextro Vulture; non à fortibus, non ab imperito vulgo; seu (quod idem est apud Persas) hinnienti Equorum armento; sed à Senatu vestro, scilicet (ut sobrie audax possum dicere) ab Oeconomica Literarum Concilio; quid enim non infra eorum dignitatem erit, quibus Artes omnes pro Satellitiis; & conjurate veniunt in Clientelam scientia. Impos hic sui Rhetorica & Laudes vestras, ne anheba quidem Eloquentia adaequare potest. Partecite (Auditores) si vos compellem frequens; ita enim subduxi rationem meam ad agendum, ut ubi nominaverim Troporum affatim, abunde Figurarum vestrum Memoria non evanesceret. Quod igitur Artis Memoria Professores solent per ea quae sunt ante oculos posita, alia quaecunque Memoranda significare; Idem Auditores Meos Indoctos velim, ut in vos ora, & obtutus figanti & hunc Metonymiam, illum Hyperbolen; universam multitudinem, pro continuata Figurarum Allegoria imaginati; omnes colores, omnia Orationis Lumina, integram Rhetoricæ suppellectilem, per quandam Oculorum Metaphoram

ad se transferant. Jam (Auditores) cum eo deven-  
tum est, ut vos omnes in volumen aliquod Rhetori-  
cum compegerim; accipite in psterum Lecturum,  
in præsens aliquid de Rhetorica dicendum censeo.  
Neque tam felix argumentum, quale vos reputo;  
nec prius reliquisssem, quam individuis Laudibus, vos  
& Rhetoricam, semel, simulque commendarem.  
Quid igitur ego, quin ut veterem illum Medela mo-  
dum imit. rer, Lapides aliquos in os injiceram? quos  
nisi favor vester plusquam Chymicus in pretiosos ver-  
terit: indigni erunt, qui in Auribus vestris, tam di-  
sertis pendeant.

Age igitur Rhetorica, explica virtutes tuas, quas  
Logick Philosophiæ, caterisque suis sororibus soles  
proponere: si tili in eodem desesses Officio, quid aliud  
quam fores sapiens, domi insanires? Atque hinc  
optime Rhetoricæ Encomium auspicari possumus,  
quod nativa sit ejus Pu'chritudo: Cum in cateris  
nil nisi emptitium fucum deprehendas, scitum est illud  
Phrynes Thebana commentum; Quæ cum Convivio  
inter æquales interesset, & probe jam saburrata omnes  
Ludis operam darent: Lex Lata est, ut quicquid fa-  
cto præiret quævis subsequerentur cætera: ubi ad vices  
Phrynes devenit, poscit aquam, faciem lavat;  
quod cum cætera fecissent pro imperio Legis, Phryne  
pul. cior, (ut quæ sordes elueret) cætera deformiores  
(æque fucum deterferant) apparuere. Huc summa  
redit. Deniq, Autographa est Rhetorum venustas, quæ  
in cateris est mutuatitia, fictitii sunt aliorum vul-  
tus; cum nesciat Rhetorica qualis sit illa nova Pro-  
sopœia;

*sopopoeia*; ceteræ scientiæ Magnates sunt Domine, sed tanquam Domine facies suas à pixide mutantur. Illi enim ceteras taceam, quid Logica si ad Rhetoricam comparata? Contractus ille Pugnus, ad Colophos magis accommodatus, quam ad aures demulcendas. Ubi vero in Palmam extendatur Rhetorica, non opus est ut dicam quid intum potnerit; cum Frater meus Logicus, nuper exemplo suo ostenderit: Quæ igitur alias Artes deaurare solet aliorum laudibus, ut suis superbiat? quæ tanquam Dimista, Elegantiæ foris locat usurariam; iniquum esset, si non ipsam Sortem cum Fœnore reciperet. Quanquam quidem Rhetorica non tam facultates fœnori apponit, quem tanquam Missilia in plebem scientiarum Regina disseminat. Hactenus quam dives Rhetoricam alieni loculis, videamus nunc quam opulenta sit in suis; quod aut facilius fieret, utinam Thesaurarius ejus Cicero revitasceret; Qui si toties de Rhetorica quoties de Consulatu gloriatus esset, & æque indefessum argumentum habuisset, & mitius ob superbiam vapularet. Hic ille Atticæ Helenæ rivalis: Hic Palladis Græcæ Ulysses. Hinc illa Philosophi Lachrymæ, Rhetoricam è Græcia transmutaturam. Quod enim Antonio Athenas proficiscenti Cives Minervam suam desponsarunt: Ideo pro Adulationis pœna Talentum pro dote coacti sunt numerare. Idem in Ciceronem plenius ac vellent evenisse constat. Rhetoricam Prafidem Civitatis Deam, in uxorem duxit, & ubi à Pyrao omnem ejus Ornatum dotalem solveret, secum in Italiam transmutavit. Enge rediit Cicero, sal-

vete

vete in Tusculano Arbore! meliora Spolia, quam  
 vetera illa Jovis Feretrio consecrata. Equalis fuit  
 Ciceronis Copia, qualis ejus dicendi Tybur. Jure  
 Romanus Nilus, quantum enim Eloquentia, vel in  
 altitudinem exercuit, vel deferbuit, tantum facun-  
 da, vel sterilis, felix, vel misera extitit Italia. Quot  
 Ille Coronas ob Cives, quot ob Provincias defunden-  
 das meruit? Qui cum duos Parricidio liberavit,  
 (Roscium & Popilium) ob unum in eternum debuit  
 vivere, omnium optima ratione; ob alterum mori,  
 idque Popilii manu, in ejusdem cade Parricium  
 confessi. Hic tamen Cicero, facundia sponsus, hic  
 (pace Bruti dixerim) Romanorum Rex, hic plus-  
 quam Caesar, perpetuus Dictator, ut divinum Rhe-  
 toricæ numen sacro quodam horrore agnosceret. In  
 Orationem primordiis, singultiis (ut ait Comicus)  
 & sobilla victitavit. Vetus obtinuit Superstitio, ut  
 uti Luna pateretur eclipsin armorum strepitus,  
 vel quilibet altus clangor, parturienti Numini, (sic  
 enim credebant) obstetricari possit. Ubi laborat Res-  
 publica, ubi deliquim passura est Patria, interce-  
 dat Rhetorica ut Lucina Juno, & surcivissimo toni-  
 tru tumorcm sedat. Tumultuetur plebs, secedit in  
 Janiculum, ecquis prodit Jupiter Stator? Ecce Rhe-  
 tor Agrippa, qui Fabula cujusdam de Ventre &  
 Membri tintinnabulo, fugitivum examen ad præ-  
 sepe redegit. Tantum Artificio valet habitus Oris:  
 Senecam cum audiret Nero, quis æquaret ejus Quin-  
 quennium? ita facundus insidiatur Tyranno, & A-  
 nimus ejus ad Vicia proclivem, furtiva Rhetorica in  
 vir-

virtutem prodit : sanctissime reus Majestatis. Neque enim Reges aut Imperatores Rhetorica jugum subterfugunt. Tonat Rhetorica ? frustra sub lectu cubat Testudo Caligula. Fugurat Rhetorica ? frustra Lauro circundatur Tiberius, in isto circulo securus. Duplex enim est Rhetorica Genius : Bonus qui innocentes premiis afficit : Malus, qui scelerosos exagitat. Tame subit is est ejus Suida, & hujus Terror, ut tanquam Fulmen terrebrans, salvis Corporum vaginis, ipsas animas liquefaciat. Quid ergo tibi Crassos, Lucios, & Cæcios proponam ? quorum illustrium Rhetorum tam numerosa sunt apud Historiam exempla, quam apud nos nulla. Nam si qua strigosa Oratio, sine sanguine, sine anima, Sententiis ad tertium Lapidem porrecta hæc (si placeat) est Ciceroniana ; pudendum nominis Sacrilegium ! & cujus in vindictam miret facundos manes non surgere, novas scripturos Philippicas ; sed ecce alium Ciceronis insons ; qui perspicuum & simplicem Styllum implicite loquitur, & in enigmate. Ut si Persei Carmina in Prosam Orationem per modum Anagrammatis resolveret. Anima inepta ! & que neminem Oratorem præter Sphingem monstrum ; neminem Auditorem pater Oedipum adsciscerent. Tertius prodit, uterque neuter ; qui ambabus sellis sedet, qui omnia dicendi genera deperit : cujus Oratio (tanquam ac Rhetorica metampsuchosin instituerint) per omnes stylos divagatur : Ubi interim Musarum Costitas ? Adulter est iste stylus, qui rem habet cum pluribus, & maxima Oratorum Laus est



est æquum, & integritas. Sed proh stupor! Egone, in Rhetoricæ Encomium moliar, & Oratorem nostrum Publicum prætermittam? cujus nomen cum Demosthene triplicare, est Rhetoricam ex omni parte definire. Peregrinatur in aliis Rhetorica, hic Incola est, non Hospes, unde non magis illam divellas, quam solem è Cælo, aut Justitiam è Fabritio. Ille Decus sue, & gloria nostræ Gentis. Qui cum Orator est, & Græcus Professor; pari Jure quo Cæsar, Consules nominari possit Academia, Oratores. Ille enim verus Orator, qui Ambidexter: In quo binæ Lingue unum Elegantiæ jugum trahunt. Refert Seneca, de quodam, qui cum bis in die declamasset, Græcè, & Latine, & sciscitaretur quidam quomodo perorasset, tulit Responsum, Bene, Καλῶς, bene Latine, preperam Græcè: Dictum non minus lepidum, quam hodie verum. Quam multi enim Literati, sunt Ἀγέδναστοι? Quot Eloquentes, Νῆπιοι? Plures Cicerones, (pauci licet) quam Demosthenes. Incipiat sane Rhetoricus à Latinis, sed adolescat à Græcis: Gracia à Latinis mutuetur Calendas; sed Idus apponat suas: Qui enim in solis Latinis est exercitatus, est Polyphemus Monoculus, pene dixeram, ἄτῃς Rhetoricus. Possum (Auditores) ad Cathedram ascendere, & ibi etiam quomodo sedet Rhetorica, demonstrare. Sed pingere duas Angues, facer est Locus: vel si fas esset ejus laudes attingere, attingere esset Religio; ita enim in illo divino Professore conturbavit prodiga Rhetorica, ut nec habet, unde cum P. steris pro Labore & Vigiliis decidat.

Huc

*Hac usque quasi eminus verba feci. Tempus est, cum Auditoribus meis omnis agam. Moris enim est, Librum nominare, & sic pro hoc Anno satisfecisse: sed illud quicquid est muneris reliquum, in Termini proxime ineuntis exordium differam. Ubi tamen spero Auditores meos non affuturos; nam si nullo alio modo vos deterrere possum, legam Arabicæ. O invidendam Prætoris solitudinem! Cujus in individuo, cælesti admodum, Universa Species Arabica (quantum ad nos spectat) conservatur: quod si mea Gratia Auditores essent, & Ego contra Missam Rhetorem, uterque agemus quod nostram est, usque Nobis Grati erimus. Rhetoricæ & Honori vestro, pariter incumbimus; Ita enim Commodum nostrum; & Observantia nostra, mutuo Nexu obligatur, ut quo quisque erimus magis Rhetores; cò Munificentia vestra magis Memores.*

J. Cleaveland.

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*Mr. Cleaveland's Rhetorick Oration.*

**W**Hether my longcontinued silence, or the Oration which I shall now pronounce, will prove the more evincing testimony of the extensiveness and magnificence of your obligations upon me, considering the inequality of my retaliation, I am altogether insensible. Modest silence subscribes to her own inability, and in so deep an engagement hath fixt her resolutions on a retreat, rather than weakly to stammer out your favours. Silence is injurious to benefits of the

lower

lower sphere that admit of requital, but in those of the higher, it merits applause; yet a cold acknowledgement of benefits receiv'd, and a mouth seal'd up, march together in the same rank of Estimation; but in this fault you may perceive my singular respect: For whilst others are industrious about a retribution suitable to those favours you have been pleased to confer upon them, yet your benefits and their thanks may be linked together in a loving concatenation: I onely congratulate the omission of my thankfulness, for the lower I sink under your accumulated favors, the more famous I judge my self for my infamy. Thanks and benefits poiz'd in an equal scale, the former through their levity will mount, and their proper ridiculousness wil contribute much to the splendor and solidity of your benefits, wherefore if you expect an ingenious remuneration, slacken the violent speed of your accustomed liberality. Gratitude is Courtesies Eccho, which though it can faintly reiterate a single word, yet it grows mute e're it reach the middle of a long-winded sentence. Benefits (that are as I may say) monosyllables, we can with facility retaliate, but in those of the first magnitude, (of which rank yours are) we are non-plust at the first or second syllable; therefore I challenge your candor into the field, though the end I aim at therein is to be vanquished. Thanks and Favors make a Skirmish, that the Fight may crown the Victory with the  
grea-

greater renown. He that voluntarily exposeth himself to the enemy, envies his honour : More fame is obtained from a captivated, than from a surrendring enemy uncompelled; and a conquered Orator is a more noble trophy to crown your Munificence, than a faint-hearted silence ; But what prompted me to ascend the Chair, when I can prove silence hereditary, even from my Ancestors ? so that now I presume (with reverence to prescription) necessity claps a lock upon my mouth. There was a time when 'twas accounted a Solæcism for a Lecturer to read ; & the greatest piece of an Artist was to counterfeit Art; accept of the place, & then they might keep Holy-day *cum privilegio*, but as to the discharging of their particular duties, (not a word of that) And to deal ingeniously with you, they imployed their care & study in rendring themselves odious to posterity. For my own particular part, I conceived it the knack of their employment to ape those of the Porphyry chair, that had the names of those vertues imposed on them as Surnames, from which they were most averse; so they were Lecturers elected, that took up a firm resolution to undergo the penance of a Twelve moneths silence. Nor was it undeservedly, for there was so small a number of Lecturers (one probably in an Age) that I know not whose words I can more suitably make use of to this purpose, than the old Roman Criers, Come unto Playes, which no man breathing

breathing ever beheld, or can say 'tis possible we may see them again. But this year enters accompanied with a new Mode among Lecturers, for we (not like those that did precede us in the office) must subscribe to Canons and Statutes. We must daily, we declaim every day, and that with so faint a voice, that we force the Pulpit to vigilancy, and our Auditors to sleep: to sleep did I say? Nay rather we terrifie them; for fear doth so predominate, that 'tis credibly reported, some Fresh-men have made a discovery of a modern Heresie to their *School-Tutors*, that the Whore of *Babylon* is revived, and to be found in alluring rhetoric, & that the seven-headed monster lurks in the seven liberal Sciences. What more Popery among you? And that which is worst of all, is, that the Vice-Chancellor himself observes Canonical hours day and night: whom I no sooner (with reverence) mention, but methinks I am obliged, to turn the current of my speech towards him, on whose Applause my Retorick doth so flourish and is so sprightly, that if once I should give it bridle enough, 'twould scorn the check or curb ever after. What a worthy Patron have we, that like the early Sun with his Oriental Rayes, raiseth men (naturally loving to sleep away the fat morning) to commendable exercises, who judging it a shame to be careless in an employment, or lazy in the publick view of the World, doth not only labour himself, but propose unto us our

particular task, so that at length by a kind of happy contagion, we have catcht part of that diligence which he himself exercised. Lastly, he it was (permit me to boast of it) that compelled my modesty (not altogether averse) from your service in this dayes performances. I mean you (most renowned Senatē) to whom I hold my self devoted for that slender ability that enables me to march through this Office. Nor can I determine whether their judgements did choose, or their suffrages create me an Oratour, (create I say) and dare repeat it without a blush; for whom could not so many voices united together, make a Rhetorician. What therefore the Poets fictitiously affirm of *Pandora*, that all the Gods embellished her birth with their respective liberality; the same you shall find moralized in my Rhetorical stile, & your general approbation; nor do I question but that those whom my Eloquence (if I dare boast of any) terms God-fathers, will be ready to make reply to any person in defence thereof, and their ears will drink it in, as eagerly as it proceeded freely from me. For the future, I shall bring a demur to my plea of my own imbecillity, since those that imposed the burthen have likewise provided shoulders that may bear't without prejudice; 'tis satisfactory enough that I have the honour to fight under your banner. 'Tis reported by *Seneca* of a certain cowardly illiterate fellow, that he had the confidence to enter the Ring,

prompted

prompted to it by this insufficient, though seeming reason, because he entertained many valiant Persons and Champions in his family. If servants are so powerful, if the perswasion of a substituted prowess could infuse gallantry into a coward, what can Masters do? And I my self may enter the Lists of Literature, not as confiding in my peculiar ability, but because I am honoured with many Masters, and those Masters of Eloquence too: For 'twas not the kind influence of my better Stars upon me, or chance; or the apoplectick multitude (or as the Persian terms it) the neighing of a horse, that threw this employment upon me, but your Senate (whom I can soberly, and dare confidently style) *The Muses Privy Council*. For what is there that dare claim a parity with their honour, that have all Arts, as Yeomen of their Guard, and whose Patronage all Sciences united in a loving association, do implore? Rhetorick is here at a loss, nor can a pthylical expreffion reach the height of your due desert. Pardon me (Auditors) if I am frequent in compellation, my design is only to fortifie your memories, whilst I am discourfing with swarms of Tropes, and legions of Figures. And as those that profess to understand the Art of Memory, endeavour and make it their business to remember all things by those that are in sight, so would I advise such of my Auditors that are of mean intellectuals, stedfastly to fix their eyes upon you, and supposing one to be a

Metonymy, the other an Hyperbole, and the compleat number a continued Allegory of Figures: by a certain kind of Metaphor of the eye, they may convey to themselves all the ename-lings, all the irradiations the Tongue is Mistress of; nay further, they may even rifle *Suada's* Wardrobe. And now (Auditors) since the Case stands so, that I should make a general Invitation to the Table of some Rhetoricians, rely upon me for the future in reference to Lectures; at present 'tis my intention to maintain a Discourse of Rhetorick, nor do I conceit this so pleasing an Argument as I judge you to be. Nor dare I so much as entertain the thought of the Epilogue, till I have extoll'd both You and Rhetorick with individual praises, and concatenated commendations. What therefore should I do, but trace the old method of Chyrurgery, put stones into my mouth, which unless your favor by a more than Chymical operation, transmute into precious, they will be too sordid and unworthy Pendants for your curious ears. Go on therefore, Rhetorick, and expose the peculiar Eminency which you customarily marshal before Logick, Philosophy, & the rest of that Consanguinity, to publick view. If you should now falter in your own cause, what were it but to be industrious in the management of others, and remiss in your own negotiations? and from this Topick we may lawfully derive the Exordium of Rhetorica's Panegyrick: Her beauty



is innate and material, when all that the other Arts and Sciences can boast of, is nothing but an acquisition, fuel, or paint. There is not the meanest capacity of the Gowned Tribe, but can give an exact Relation of *Phryne* the *Thebaness*, who being at a Banquet with a company of Ladies of her own stamp, after they had taken their leaves of a running Banquet of Sweet-meats, began to indulge their Genius, and dedicate the time to Jollity: it happens that a Law was enacted, that whatsoever one did exemplarily, the residue of the convened Ladies should imitate: *Phryne* calls for water, washes her face, and thereby adds a lustre to her natural comeliness, but the water washing off the additional Tincture from the rest of the Ladies, rais'd a question whether or no they could ever lay claim to any thing that deserved the term of beauty. And thus it falls out among us: for (I affect brevity) other Arts have but the Copy, Rhetorick claims Beauty or Ornament *ab origine*. The complexions of the rest are artificial, but Rhetorick alone is a stranger to the Spanish wool, or any other wash or tincture. The other Sciences are Ladies (forsooth) & those not of the meanest rank neither; for like the Courtizans of the times, they understand the practise of borrowing Complexions from their Sex. But to name no more, what is Logick, if admitted into competition with Rhetorick, but a hand contracted into a menacing fist, and fitter

to cuff, than to ensnare the ears of an Auditory. But 'twill be impertinent for me to display the efficacy of Rhetorick, when it accosts all persons with an open salutation, since my Brother the Logick Lecturer, hath lately manifested by his peculiar person and example. What a great deal of complacency may she have in the consideration of the renown and fame due to her, that can out of her own stock furnish you Applause that can gild over the Tribe of all Arts and Sciences. 'Twere an injury inexpressible, for any person to entertain such a thought as this, that she that Usherer like, puts out Elegancy to use, should not have a restitution of the Principal, and that with interest. Though to speak congruously, *Rhetorica* send not out her treasure upon loan, but like a Queen liberally scatters them here and there, according to the dictamen of her own fancy, among those Sciences that know no place of residence, but the lower Sphere. Hitherto we have taken into consideration that part of the Estate of Rhetorick which she intrusts into other hands; let us now examine her Exchequer, and view what Cash she has that lies there dormant: and that our scrutiny might be the more effectual, I could wish her grand Lord Treasurer *Cicero* capable of a Resurrection, who had he been as discursive of Rhetorick, as he was of the Consulship, he had made choice of as tiresome an Argument, and had compounded for his superciliousness at a lower rate.

He was the Rival of Athenian *Helena*, the *Ulysses* of Grecian *Minerva*; hence stream'd the tears of the Philosopher, because *Rhetorick* was taking her flight from the *Attik* confines. And as the Athenians did espouse their *Minerva* to *Mark Antony* approaching their City, & as a penalty for their flattery, were compelled to deposite a Talent for her Dowry; so even *Cicero* met with the same success, though more plentifully, than suited with their intentions. He married *Rhetorica*, the Goddess Guardian of the City, and as soon as he received her dotal ornaments from *Pyrrus*, they both set sail for *Italy*. Avant *Cicero* safely returned from thy travels! Welcome *Athens* to *Tullies Tusculanum*! These are more glorious spoils, than those of old, consecrated to *Jupiter Feretrius*. He was a *Tybur* in copiousness of invention, as well as in the fluency of elocution; He may deservedly be termed the *Romans Nile*; for as his Eloquence did flow or ebb, *Italy* was fruitful or barren, happy or miserable. How many triumphal Crowns might his merit challenge from the Citizens? How many wreaths of Laurel from the subjugated Provinces? who protecting two persons from the punishment due to that black crime *Parricide*, viz. (*Rossius & Popilius*) for the safe-guard of the one, in the judgement of all rational men, he deserved to live eternally, and for the other to die, & that by the hand of *Popilius*, who at the very instant of *Tullies* butchering

confessed the Parricide. Yet this *Cicero* was the Bridegroom of Eloquence; nor shall I blush to call him (with the permission of *Brutus*) King of the *Romans*; he that far transcended *Cæsar*, as to the perpetuity of his Dictatorship. This very person, that he might manifest his Devotion to the Deity of Rhetorick, with a certain kind of sacred horror, 'twas his custom to cloath the Exordium of his Oration with sighs (and as the Comædian hath it) with fainter expirations. 'Twas an ancient Chymæra, hatcht in the brains of our Heathenish Predecessors, confirmed with a strong belief; that the clattering of Arms, or any other obstreperous drumming, does perform the Office of a Midwife, and deliver the Moon in eclipse from her child-bed throes. So when a Commonwealth lies under heavy pressures, when a Nation draws near a Catastrophe, let Rhetorick-intercede like *Tuno Lucina*, and with her delicious harmony she will assuage the tumor. If the Commonalty mutiny, away goes she and stops the breach, and every one returns to his *quondam* Allegiance. Let your consideration reflect upon *Agrippa* the Rhetorician a while, and you shall find that by the relation of a certain Fable concerning the Belly and its fellow Members, he reduced a fugitive Swarm to their forsaken Hive, so prevalent is Elocution assisted by additional artifice. When *Nero* was under the tuition of *Seneca*, who could parallel him, during his quinquennial pupillage

So dexteriously did the eloquent Philosopher en-  
snare the Tyrant, & by his Rhetorical insinua-  
tions, so narrowly did he pry into his disposition,  
shaping his mind in the mould of Vertue, that  
was naturally propense to all enormous vices,  
that he might be said to be guilty of a most pious  
treason. Nor can Kings or Emperours shake off  
the yoke of Rhetorick. Doth Rhetorick thunder?  
in vain doth that snail *Caligula* expect security  
from that slender Canopy of a Bed. Doth Elo-  
cution lighten? The Coronet of Laurel that kis-  
seth the Temples of *Tiberius*, will prove but a  
weak, imaginary defence. For the Genius of  
Rhetorick is of two sorts; Good, liberally accu-  
mulating rewards on the heads of innocent per-  
sons; Bad, recompensing the wicked with tor-  
tures: so subtile is the *Suada* of the one, and the  
terroure of the other; that like lightning it melts  
the very souls of some men, without prejudice to  
the scabbard of their body. To what end there-  
fore, should I propose to your serious considera-  
tion the *Crassi*, *Lucii*, or *Cælii*, of which famous  
Rhetoricians History can furnish you with innu-  
merable Examples, though there be a great pe-  
nury of them among us. For if you meet with the  
very Skeleton of an Oration, void of Bloud and  
Life, stufte with such Cart-rope expressions, as are  
longer than the memory of man can fathom, this  
(with your leave) is Ciceronian. This is such a  
sacriledge committed on his name, as would put  
any

any man to the blush, and makes me admire, that his eloquent Ghost starts not up from his silent Urn, prompting him to pen modern *Philippus*, in revenge of this foul indignity. Another sort there is, that without prejudicing *Tully*, follows a facil, home-spun style, and that ænigmatically too, as if he had maimed *Persius* his Verses, and Anagrammatically reduced them into Prose, Smattering Sciolists ! And such, as seek for no Orator but a *Sphinx*, nor any Auditor but an *Oedipus*. There is yet a third, that stands as Neuter between the two pre-mentioned, and yet sides with both ; one that destroyes Elocution, whose Oration (as if Rhetorick intended to introduce a Pythagorean Metempsychosis) rambles through all sorts of styles. Where in the interim is their endeavor to preserve the Muses chastity ? That style is adulterated that embraceth a plurality ; for the greatest commendation of an Orator, is equity and integrity. But, oh stupidity ! Am I the person appointed about the Encomium of Rhetorick, and shall I pretermitt our University Orator ? To repeat whose name thrice with *Demosthenes*, is to give an essential Definition of Rhetorick : Oratory is a stranger to others, in him no guest, but an inhabitant ; and you may as well rob the Heavens of its grand Luminaries, or wrest Justice from *Fabritius*, as cause a Divorce between the one and the other. He is the Ornament of his own, and the Glory of our Nation ;  
 who

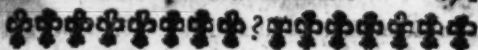
who being both Orator and Greek Professour, may be as equitably styled University Orators, as *Cæsar* Consuls. For he is the true Orator, that is an Ambidexter, in whom two Languages are harnessed to draw the single Chariot of *Rhetorica*. 'Tis a relation indebted to *Seneca* for its being, that a certain person having declaimed twice in one day, in Greek, and Latine, 'twas demanded how he performed this double Office, replied thus, *Rene, Kaxôs* ; laudibly in Latine, meanly in Greek ; a Sentence no less facillious, than at this day true : for how many literate persons are there, illiterate ? How many, how many eloquent in the Latine, illoquent in the Greek ? There are more *Cicero's* (though not many) than *Demosthenesses*. Whereas indeed a Rhetorician owes his first rudiments to the Latine ; yet for his adolescence or maturity, he is indebted to the Greek ; Let *Greece* borrow the Roman Calends, and *Rome* make an Addition of her own Ides, for he that is only exercised in the Latine-tongue, is a *Polyphemus*, I had almost said a single-eyed person, no Rhetorician. I could methinks ascend the *Cathedra*, and demonstrate unto you in what majesty she there sits ; but I dare not presume to approach, 'tis holy ground ; yet if it might be permitted to descant upon her deserved Applause, I would religiously make use of that Advantage. For Rhetorick hath so prodigally strewed her flowers on that more than humane

humane Professour, that she hath nothing left to invite succeeding Ages to studious lucubrations. I have hitherto spoke to you as it were at a distance; 'tis now time for me to draw my Discourse to a period, for 'tis the custom to name the Author only, and that years work is over: But what part soever it is of my duty that remains unofficiated, I shall defer to the beginning of the next ensuing Term; at which time I hope to see never an Auditor; for if nothing will deter you, I will read in Arabick. O the solitude of our Lecturer, deserving emulation! in whom as in an almost celestial Individuum, the whole species of Arabick (for ought we know) is preserved. But if for my sake there will be an Auditory, and I declaim against my self, we will both perform our duty, till we become mutually acceptable, equally endeavouring the Advancement of Rhetorick, and your Honour; for there is such a Reciprocal Obligation between our Commodity and Observance, that the greater proficiency we make in Rhetorical Studies, we shall be the more sensible of your Munificence.

*John Cleaveland.*

Midsummer





# Midsummer Moon.

OR,

## LVNACY RAMPANT.

Being an Vniversitie Character, and  
a short Survey of some of the late  
Fellows of the Colledges.

**I**S *Bedlam* seven stories high, or Sir *T. T.* his  
gouty Leg Wire-drawer? his head is shot up,  
as if he would only converse with the Prince  
o'th' Air, and what we mistake for the Man i'th'  
Moon, is but a piece of him. He's an *Index ex-*  
*purgatorius* in the largest folio, or was intended  
for Hoops for the Tun at *Hiedelberg*: you may  
take him for the 119 *Psalm*, lashing the Execu-  
tion of a whole University, or the Pinacle from  
which the Devil would break the neck of it. 'Tis  
a sufficient Argument of *C. C.*'s death to see this  
May-pole set up in *Oxford*. *Dido* with his hyde  
might have had ground enough for her *Carthage*,  
without slicing it into Leashes. He's a Monopoly  
of Steeples, and as often as he sounds, the Bell  
goes out for some deceased Scholar: *Babels* are  
erected for confusion.

His red Nose is percht like a Beacon flaming  
on

on a Mountain : Nature when she forged it, forgot to quench it. *W. W.* surrendred to it for a flag of Defiance. *I. I.* for a red Lattice, and only submitted to an Ale-house. The Scarlet whore of *Babylon* spawn'd it with her menstruous profluviums. 'Twas painted with the blood of a witch, when she morgaged her self. The single sight of it made *Sedgwick* dream of *Dooms-day*, and the second destruction of the world by fire. Such vessels are broacht, when villanies ratifie their conspiracies in Sacraments of Blood. If there be such an *Ætna*, such a Purgatory aloof, what's the *Demogorgon* the Hell ith' Center? The spirits which ascend from so hot a limbeck, have converted his brains to sulphur, and made him nothing but an unruly squib. He's as prodigiously furious, as if he had been bolted out of the Monks pot when he invented Gun-powder, or his Mother limb'd by the Devil shot from a Cannon. He was begot i' th' Dog-days, or at Michaelmas, when his Dam went to Rut. The *Hecuba* when she conceived this *Paris*, dreamt of wild-fire : His Nurse was a Blear-eyed Hound, *Run-wood* ; and his Native Soil the *Antipodes* to the *Anticyra*. His Sire ingender'd him in an Itch beyond the cure o' th' Brimstone which ruin'd *Sodom*; you may take him for a Spanish Jennet, begot by a whirl-winde, or a tempest-rais'd by a Conjuror, or all *Æolus* bag'd up and sold by a Laplander for shipwracks : he ruminates on nothing but his *Salisbury* chains, and

and his breaking loose from 'um, & therefore 'tis his continual bulines either to imprison or expel; yet *Mahomet's* disease must be a Divine Rapture; in his paralytick fit he converses with *Gabriel*; shuffle him with the rest oth' visitors, & he comes forth like mad *Orestes*, switch'd on by Furies to kill his Mother the University. Brutish *Ajax*, because he's a beast himself, wallows i'th' goar of his fellow Greeks, and thinks 'em Swine. The *Cannibal* swears Mummie's Bacon. He differs from an ordinary *Tom of Bedlam*, as a wild wolf from a tame one, or *Rome* on fire from *Nero's* fiddle: sure he's *Don Quixoted*, takes the Colledg for an Enchanted Castle, the Fellows for Giants, *W.W. Ink* — and *L.L.* for three distressed dam-sels. He sweeps the House clean, that his fairy tenants may dance to him with mony: his phrensy flames higher, because 'tis sprinkled with a little Reason, as women paint themselves into wrinkles & ugliness. His Blood rides the Round-post, or dances the *Morrice* thorough him, & so makes him giddy. His Scull is a mear nest of Hornets, which sting into him their own waspishness; this makes the mad Ban-dog snap at all he meets. This new Judge (without the Kings writ) is the prime Bencher at Condemnation, but usually removed at the Execution, & kills with his weekly Bill as secretly as the Plague: still like a mad dog, which (they say) never barks. He wounds at further distance than the stars can bless: this  
long

long bor'd Murthering-piece will carry destruction point blank from *Petworth* to *Oxford*. C. C. in an University, out-rifles *Cromwel* in an Abbey: The Devil is busiest i'th' Church. *Picket-Hatch* ne're was visited, *Turnbal-street* needs no Reformation.

C. C. among the Visitors is a Mountebank extraordinary with four Zanies, or blustering *Eolus* with his Cardinal winds. This purger is the only Scammory, the rest some milder Simples, *Rhubarb* and *Sene*: one indeed is all honey and manna dropt from Heaven, but kept till 'tis mouldy and stinks. This Sugar-cane, this Posset, and Caudle-Visitor, with his Marmalade quagmire, his blather'd Puff-paste, Liquorish Rate Stubs the second, are the Universities Tooth-drawers; and will leave no more Scholars than themselves have Guns; These Figs and Almonds rot the University, while C. C. like *Aqua Fortis* corrodes it, and yet the Cormorant can be dainty too; Doctors & Seniors are too tough for continual cramming, he must have Batchelors of Art, and Rabbits, Under-graduates, and Chickens; Master Commoners, and Pheasants. *Domitian* gorg'd with men, wantons with flies afterwards. He runs himself off his legs the first dayes journey, and like a Brewer tuns once a week. Though he rides Post, yet he must have his Stages: The dimmallest Tragedy is cautelled into Acts; sure he hath got a Mathematical trick to make so ma-

ny Turks, and then by his *Hocus Pocus* Arithmetique juggle them over-board : Yet the Visitors like their Harbingers the last new Diary, murder the best. Among Moors, Blacks are the Beauties. C. C. good Church-man (like Altars) protects the guilty onely. He thinks others breath corrupted, when 'tis the reflected rancour of his own ; like *Seneca's* wife's fool struck with a sudden blindness, imputed it to the darkness of the room. You would scarcely believe he should have any Profelytes, but that some have worshipped *Caco-Demons*, and Asses yet kneel to *Mahomet*. Dirt will submit to be trampled on : good ingenious souls confess themselves sufficiently victorious, and are thought worthy Heaven, because they boast no merit. But C. C. admits them as Politicians do Jews, to use their Udlaries, or *Romulus* his Asylum, Courtiers to lord over them, else why should the Muscovite worship painted images, and reject carved ones : why should my Lady expose her childe, and nurse her dog ? Be divorced from her Lord, and wanton with her *Catamite* Monkey ? But alas, a slip may break a sober mans neck, whiles drunkards tumble and have no hurt. A privy-Councillor is scarce secure in his dream : my Lord of *Pembroke* and *Archy* can never speak Treason. Ugly Cubs are most lickt, and the Changling's still the Dilling : In Martyrdom the best must to the stake, and who so fit to be Pilgrims as the Holy ? If there be any left

in the Hive, it will be drones; C. C.'s thirst drains the Liquor, the Lees would choke him. Thus of *Theophrastus* Characters, the vices onely survive, the vertues are expelled the world.

C. C. and Dr. B. B. differs as the Colledges good and bad Genius, as a Wizard and a Prophet, or the Dipt-horse in *Cornwall* and a Christian. He succeeds the Doctor as *Caligula's* Horse did the deceased Senator; or as the Apocrypha doth the Old Testament, and *Toby* and his dog *Moses* and *Aaron*; Thus Innocents day pursues Christ-mas; a damn'd Massacre at the heels of a blest Nativity: nor can *Herod* persecute Innocency without murdering St. *John's*: Every meal he carves the President; at every Course the Baptists head is disht for him; and yet (unless the Merchant-Taylors prove Almoners) perhaps he may be devoured by his Collegiate vermine.

St. *Johns* looks like *Scæva's* shield, so many expelled pieces, so many wounds: 'tis reform'd into its primitive purity, and turn'd into the Baptists desert. The whole University resembles *Greece* over-run by Turkes, or *Italy* Goth'd and Vandal'd: It looks like the world purg'd by a deluge and destruction. *Delos* is turn'd Errant at *Apollon's* death, as it was at his birth. Colledges are converted into Hospitals, Lodges for Diseases, scab'd heads and crutches, 'tis the onely expulsive Crime here, to be wholesome.

For how should C. C. be a Reformer, unless as

an Atheist makes a Pope *Pius*? as Winter brings the Halcyon, or dead Beer makes *Aqua vite*: He is a Strainer, retains all the dreg, and clarifies the University, as Milk and whites of Eggs doth Ippocras: thus sinks and common-shores are the best Scavengers. Dirt is sometimes a good Fuller, and filthy Soap the onely Landerefs. Miraculous *C. C!* clay and spittle shall be a Collyrium for the Kingdoms eye.

He hath sullied the University, and will huckster in washing it, the Mountebank gives out it is poisoned, that he may Quack in curing it. Thus Oxford like the *H. at W.* is noted to be reformed by those that foul'd it.

But Perhaps man must forfeit Paradise for too much knowledge, and Scholars pish (like the old Bishop) for discerning the Visitors to be Truths and Laws *Antipodes*. Is the University pinch'd, and therefore must change shifts! or are men turn'd out (like the Israelites out of *Egypt*) for being scabby? because *C. C.* itches, must all smart? The Pope excommunicates the King of *Spain* on one day, and restores him the next; *C. C.* hath his Maunday-Thursday, but the Good-Friday's Popery. Extreame may concenter, *Rolph* and a *Je-* suite are both *Ravillac's*; *C. C.* and *C. A.* (his blasphemous adversaries second) can covenant in mischiefs, as Humiliations and Thanksgivings conspire to ruine the Kingdom, or *Naseby* Field and the Butchers dog to worry *S.* But he would

have us mistake an Hangman for an Angel, and kiss his lightning because it comes from Heaven. Indeed he goes to Church, but like the devil, 'tis to tempt: each prayer devours a widowed Colledge, each bend pistols a Scholar, he never preaches but 'tis the Universities Funeral Sermon; his Doctrines and Motives are never Proscription, and he'll murder a whole Colledge with a Use of Consolation: His Reformation hath got him more than the Work of ten Talents got Aristotle: This one word hath cost him more than would have purchased the Sybils books and Prophet too. Beggars sell their ulcers at the rate of Diamonds; but though he excommunicates, it must be still the Pope and his Holiness. 'Tis his faith removes the University, as the Publick Faith the silver Mountains of *Guild-ball* and *Xerxes* levell'd *Ashor* through the worlds credulity. But this Kennel-raker, this Jakes-Farmer, is dirty onely on week dayes. O the scarcity of a Sunday Pudding! And yet perhaps the Sabbatical River is no better than prophane *Isis*. Turks have their Sabbath, and not onely a monethly fast, but a fast for a moneth. But *C.C.* is a double Turk; *Capt. Prester Franke* is both *Musti* and *Aga* too.

Thus is *Oxford* at last reformed into *Algiers*, haunted with Pyrates, where Janizaries are the onely Favorites: what to others is an Inquisition, is to these a shrift. These are the onely converts, because the onely sinners: some are expell'd for

just



just Oaths, others are dandled for lewd perjury : like the Priest that lost his Benefice for having a wife. and was retrieved when she was proved his whore. But G.C. (like *Romulus*) is the son of heaven, when no man will own the Brat, a God must father it. He's a Libel and an Ordinance, hath never a Sire, and yet perhaps an hundred. His mother sure hackneyed her self to one of the Guard, or the Great Porter on a Masque night, and so conceived this Hypocrite : had he kept within his Pulpit, the lower part of the Minotaur might have skulkt undiscovered, but when he would be a Bastard President too, a *Perkin Warbeck*, Doctor *B.* (like *Alexander* ambitious to be a God) he proved himself a by-blow.

G.C. with his precious Triumvirate thinks himself the Emperor with his three spiritual Electors, or the Pope with his triple Crown. He looks like wilde *March* borrowing three dayes of *April* : These are forsooth the three Children (or *Pluto's* three Furies) whom no flames can blister. All three are 'th' Progeny of *Noah*, drunk, their Mothers long'd for wort, they were born in a Brew-house, and Christned in a Stand of Ale. They are onely three Spunges posselt, and submit to the upper and lower houses, as Representatives of the Buttery and Cellar. Certainly they are entertained Gospellers, because they have drunk away their Bibles. I might as well In—were a Nightingale, because he hath lost  
his

his tongue. Moths and Worms are acquainted with more Authors; and Parrots are better Linguists. Latine's not the language of these beasts, nor have they any thing of Greek, but drunkenness and lying. Hebrew to them is Welsh, they reel sufficiently of themselves, they need not study to go backward. Their souls are blanks sufficient to write new modled Preachers in. *Tiresias* could not foresee any thing till he was blind.

In——has one property of a Scholar, poverty; you would take him for *Countrey Tom* broke loose from the Gallows. If a man be a Tree invers'd, he's *Beggars-bush*. He was born in Lent at a Courting, and sent into the world with Sippets: he is sunk below the Ward-robe of dung-hills, and the use of Paper-mills. He must tick with *Charon*, and have his Epitaph writ in Chalk: By his maggot-eaten face, you'd swear he had been raised out on's grave, with all his Worms about him to bait Eel-hooks: you may compare C. C. to the Chymists *Aqua Stygia*. and him to their *Terra damnata*. He'll shortly be a<sup>n</sup> Baptist without a voice, and wheezes already, as if he had fed on nothing but Locusts and Grasshoppers.

C.C. and W.W. look like *Mahomet*; and his pidgeon, or my Lord of *Pembroke* and M.O. had every bird their feathers off him, he would be of the same callow Livery with In——: He hates all Books, because he is so much i'th' Mercers; and without a strong Antidote, will die of Gall and Copperis:

Copperis: He's as much in ink, as In--in chalk, the one is all in mourning, the other in's winding-sheet. His Brother and he drinks Duels; yet both, like their thirst, are still immortal; though the Sea they have drunk would have made stage enough for the Battle of *Lepanto*, yet his brother may be dead drunk at last; he looks like tiffany already, brimstone & hell will have 'em shortly: *Mars* must have his *Venus*, & his salt *Nancy Lewis* dückt, looks like the sea born goddess. C.C. can't expel him farther then *Escardo*, nor any Colledge so fit for him as where C.C. is President; and who be those Goal-birds were ever broil'd to Christen him so? what baseness would submit to the scorn of prisoners? who would be a slave to a penny Ballad?

Lo--submitted to C.C.'s sanguine Promontory for fear of a bloody Nose, he may besteer'd with any Rudder: you may hang him in a single thred, and use him instead of a Bobbin to weave Bone-lace: this Rabbet-sucker would submit to a Ferrit, and is scarce fit to be a Fellow of a Warren: He would adore a Reformer, though he were a Chimney-sweeper, and go bare to *Pidgeon* as willingly as to C.C. A well grown Spider might be his President; *Whittingtons* Cat Lord Major over him. He cannot go alone yet, but is carried on his Fathers sleeve like a Faulconers Hawk: he'll damn himself lest he should be whipt, and be pinch't, because his Father hath covenanted, like  
the

the fellow who would not be a Christian, because all his friends were gone to Hell before him.

O that Lice should be humane off-spring as well as men! but the happiest Mothers may have abortions. The Kings Image is sometimes stamped on Lead, and Natures Mint coyne Monsters. As this Ostracism proves the Univerlity a true Athens, so some Apostates make her a Heaven.

*Fam seges est, ubi Trij. fruit.*

The Epitaph on Mr. John Cleaveland.

**V** Ho with true fire a Just Poetick rage,  
Did scourge the Vices of this cursed Age;  
Who with a single thrust of Capier'd Wit  
Made Tyrant, Traytor, Kerk, and Scot submit:  
In sight of Fate though our great wits have said,  
The Nine with his Muse liv'd, with him are dead.  
He's rais'd aloft from his immortal Urn,  
His Constellated Zeal afresh doth burn,  
With his Revengeful Torch, looks from his sphere,  
Still darts Satyrick Quills that stab vice here.

W. Winstanley.

F I N I S.

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